The Centre Reporter.

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CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1886. NO. 35

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROPR'

THE FARMERS FOR BLACK.

Without regard to past party affiliations, there is a very friendly feeling for Lt.-Gov. Black among the agriculturists of the State. Like his illustrious father, who was a plough-boy in his youth and tilled the soil to his latest day, Chauncy F. Black has close sympathy with the farming interests of the State; and it is not surprising, though very significant, that an entirely independent agricultural journal, like the Meadville *Herald*, should speak in such terms of the Democratic nominee for governor:

"The Democrats have nominated a man for Governor who stands out so prominently as the advocate of the things which are so closely identified with the farmers' welfare that we deem it our duty to call their special attention to them. First, the farmers want an honest tax law; one that will place the burdens of taxation more equally upon the property protected by government. The other is a law to enforce the law to enforce the 17th article of the people's constitutton. The people are ground to the dust because in violation of the constitution we pay exorbitant freight for what we both sell or buy.

"Governor Black has explained his position on these questions so often that every farmer or mechanic in the State knows where he stands. He will be as he always has been, the friend of the people. No monopoly or corporator can persuade him to desert the people of the State. He is in himself a sufficient platform, and no pledge made by the Convention was necessary.

"No man in Pennsylvania, save perhaps his father, has said and done so much as Chauncy F. Black to induce the people to elect a legislature, when elected, to pass an honest tax bill and an uncompromising railroad bill to enforce the letter of the 16th and 17th articles of the Constitution. No truer or abler friend of the people's constitution can be found in the Commonwealth. He stands on these questions above party, and is a firm friend of and believer in the people."

Chauncy F. Black should be the idol of every honest man.

Some fellows who want an excuse for going back on the Democratic party try to gull voters with the cry that this side was entitled to the Prothonotary. We simply say there is nothing in that, as both the late Prothonotaries were from this side—J. C. Harper belonged over here and so did Mr. Brett; hence if there is such a thing as changing about, the other side had the claim. But, we don't believe in the locality business—the offices belong to the best and most competent men irrespective of locality. According to the "locality" idea the most unfit man should be nominated if the locality offered or had no better. How absurd!

No workingman can consistently vote against Black—he is the advocate of the workingman's interests.

The Clinton county Democracy held their convention on Tuesday of last week. The principal interest being centered in the Senatorial contest. T. C. Hipple was nominated over S. W. Caldwell by a majority of nine delegates. S. R. Peale was indorsed for Congress without opposition. John U. Shaffer, editor of the Renovo Record, was nominated for Assembly and for Associate Judges James W. Crawford and H. L. Diffenback were named. The nomination of F. J. David for County Surveyor completed the ticket.

No farmer can vote against Black without making a thrust at one who is his champion and best friend.

George M. Boal for Prothonotary is the way the Repub's set up one of their pretty good fellows to be knocked out by a much better one, Lew Shaffer. Mr. Boal is from Potter, and is a good sort of a fellow—and we don't want to lie about George, (a thing we never do,) for fear of doing him a little harm, nor is it well for us to tell the truth for fear of doing still greater harm, to one who is going under any way.

There will be an earthquake in Pennsylvania, November next—some will be badly shaken up.

Blaine, in one of his recent campaign speeches, said St John, the Prohibition leader, is on the Democratic pay roll. He evidently is whooping it up pretty lively for the Republicans in Maine while the Democrats are lying low to rake in the spoils.

Charley Wolf is nightly addressing large audiences in the western part of the state on prohibition.

MILLIONS OF REPUBLICAN OFFICIAL DEFALCATIONS EXPOSED

Opening of the Books.—The Democratic party, through its press and by its speakers, has declared for the past ten years publicly that if it could turn the rascals out and get at the books it could demonstrate that the Republican party in its long lease of power, had through its various officers by defalcation in collections and disbursements, stolen millions of the people's money. Mr. Tilden, in 1876, claimed the amount to be over five million dollars. The amount will reach twenty millions of dollars, or more.

Under a resolution of the Democratic House, passed January 28, and which was called up again July 27 by Hon. Benton McMillan, of Tennessee, just previous to the adjournment of the first session of the Forty-ninth Congress, the Acting Secretary of the Treasury transmitted in a letter to the House of Representatives, "Executive Document No. 363 Forty-ninth Congress, First Session," in which it is shown officially that the balances now due the Government on account of defalcations in disbursements and collections since 1861 is $12,893,476.48. In this document each delinquent is named, and the exact amount due the Government stated. This does not include the overhauling of the accounts of the Postoffice Department, of which the Honorable Sixth Auditor reported to the Secretary of the Treasury in a letter, March 10, as follows: "You are aware that this office adjusts the accounts of over half the officers and the employes of the Government in the civil branches of the service, as shown by volume 2 of the biennial official register, the amount involved—$185,000,000 last year—requiring accounts with over 65,000 receiving and disburging officers, who employ or supervise and pay an army of employes."

The foregoing statement and the table which is hereafter inserted, does not include shortage, as has been said, in the Sixth Auditor's which has charge of the vast expenditures of the Postoffice Department. It was there that Dorsey, Brady and the Star Route thieves figured. Nor does it include the shortage in the Third Auditor's office, which embraces the expenditures of the War Department, where Howgate, Hodges and other kindred spirits had their way, nor does it include the shortage in the Fourth Auditor's office, which has charge of the expenditures in the Navy Department, where the Robeson gang paid more for the repair of old ships than they originally cost, and had no ships left.

The records will show that since the Democratic Administration took hold, as is heretofore shown in the report of the First Comptroller of the Treasury, an earnest effort is being made to collect all of these balances, and with much greater success than could have been anticipated, owing to the long lapse of time.

This is simply a partial peep into the books. The short time that the Democratic Administration has been in power rendered it impossible at this time to give a full exposure of all the delinquencies and defalcations of the Republican officeholders who were not prosecuted for their robbery and plunder, but kept in power by the Republican party.

The branches of the service in which these defalcations occurred are shown by the following table—and the figures are official:

Customs disbursments	$ 192,194.38
Internal Revenue disbursements	35,969.09
Diplomatic disbursements,	724,561.49
Treasury disbursements,	5,692,424.05
Judiciary,	800,064.52
Interior, civil disbursements,	338,080.15
Receipts for customs,	375,266.29
Receipts for internal revenue,	3,424,571.59
Receipts for sale of public lands,	274,503,34
Receipts for internal revenue stamps,	321,177.61
Receipts for customs office emoluments,	28,80s.72
Receipts for miscellaneous sources,	158,173.38
Receipts for captured and abandoned property,	527,685.76
Total sncei 1861,	$12,893,476.48

Gen. Beaver as a candidate is a chestnut.

Base-ball and picnics seem to be carrying the day just now. Where there were one and two picnics twenty years ago, there are almost a dozen now and some folks attend them all. We have the Sunday school picnic, the church picnic, the family picnic, the brass-band picnic, the young folks picnic, daych ool picnic, grangers picnic, the free-to-all picnic, the snobs picnic, and other picnics of all sorts of names. There is getting to be too much of the good thing, and there is danger of a neglect of important duties and discommoding of somebody in consequence of all this rage for base-ball and pic-nics. Still, this is a free country, and it may be better to have a pic-nic than a funeral, yet some funerals result from an overdose of pic-nic. We are simply now alluding to an over-doing of this kind of pleasure, for we enjoy a pic-nic too once in a while.

THE BULGARIAN SITUATION.

Russia and England are in the position of the two bullies at the country inn, each of whom had announced his intention to whip the other on sight.

When there was chance of their meeting the one who first saw his enemy cried out to the bystanders: "Hold me, or somebody will be hurt." Unfortunately for these powers in this case Bismark and the other on-lookers seem most perversely to mistake the real belligerents and are pretending to hold Prince Alexander with all their mights. Alexander refuses to be held. There is no reason why he should decline a throne to prevent the Russians and the English from fighting each other. The Czar can scarcely expect that he should manifest a self-sacrificing spirit in this affair. His abduction, so clearly prompted by Russia, was without excuse. If it was not why should Russia be so desirous that the abductors should escape punishment or so loud in condemning England for prompting Alexander's return to Bulgaria? At the same time England is as unwilling to fight Russia as Russia is to fight England and each seems to be begging Germany to hold the other. In the present condition of affairs war is possible at any moment. An accident may precipitate it, and, indeed, only an accident can avert it. Because there is really nothing to fight about the situation is all the more delicate. While the bluster lasts war will not be declared, but if blood should be drawn, even without a purpose of provoking hostilities, the clash of arms must follow. In that case England can scarcely refuse to back Bulgaria against the power of Russia.

The Elk county Democrats endorsed J. K. P. Hall for congress. Mr. Hall was Elk county's choice two years ago, and had the nomination from a portion of the conference, but was prevailed upon to make way for Curtin.

THE REPUB'S CONVENTION.

The Republican county convention met in Bellefonte on Tuesday afternoon. The crowd was small yet there was much hugging and tugging for empty honors. It's all souer-grapes.

Col. Coburn was elected Chairman of the Convention, with D. S. Keller for Secretary.

John G. Love and G. G. Mattern were nominated for Assembly by acclamation.

For Prothonotary the ballot stood G. M. Boal 67, R. T. Williams 21.

For District Attorney G. H. Lichtenthaler was nominated.

For County Surveyor Jesse Cline was nominated.

Col. Jas. P. Coburn, of Aaronsburg, was nominated for Congress, by acclamation.

The ticket won't take, there is "such terrible dissatisfaction and kicking" among the defeated ones, that many think a little earthquake shock is all that is needed to shake the Republican party out of its boots.

In nominating Col. Coburn for Congress the Republicans gave one of its old war horses a deserved compliment. He would look well enough in Curtin's seat, but—if—well, yes, you know what we mean.

VOICE RESTORED BY ELECTRICITY

Huntingdon, Pa., Aug. 30,—Samuel S. Harrison, a leading citizen of Penfield, Houston township, has within the past week recovered his voice, of which he has been deprived for 19 years. He lost his speech by going into the water when his blood was overheated. About three years ago he sustained a severe injury to his arm, and since then has suffered intense pain in that member. A relief from this pain he found in taking a shock, as he terms it, by placing his hand on a large belt in his mill. The other evening he again resorted to the belt for relief and, experiencing a greater shock than before, he was agreeably astonished to find that his voice had returned. He attributes its recovery solely to the electric shock produced by the revolving belt.

BEAVER AT HOME.

Gen. Beaver got home from his California trip on Tuesday evening, and was given a reception by his friends, and who attended he County convention were held over for the occasion. A meeting was organized and an address of welcome delivered by J. G. Love, to which the General responded. Col. Norris also made a speech.

——Powsrs & Son Bellefonte, have dissolved partnership. Mr. Powers, Sr., will continue to manufacture at the old stand, while Mr. Ed Powers will carry on in the old quarters, and always have a first-class stock at prices lower than the lowest in boots and shoes.

LATE NEWS.

Mrs. Eli Slifer died at Lewisburg, on morning of 7.

At noon, on Tuesday, Charleston had a slight shock again.

Earthquake shocks were felt in many southern cities, on Tuesday, 7.

The Democrats made a clean sweep in Arkansas on Tuesday.

——When you are in Bellefonte, call at the Logan Machine works and see the Little Giant Fence Machine, *price* $40! 18aug4t

A DEMOCRAT SPEAKS.

ED. REPORTER:—It occurred to my mind that the Democrats *of* the county could give material aid in carrying on the canvass, encouraging the voters, and in firing up their political enthusiasm by writing encouraging articles for the papers and thus, to some extent lift some of the burden off the shoulders of the Editorial fraternity. Being actuated by this impulse, I take the initiatory step in that direction and hope other Democrats throughout the county, who feel interested in the success of our party, will also "rise up and speak."

There never was a campaign, neither a Democratic nor Republican one, that somebody was not dissatisfied with the nominations, not so much because of the disqualifications of the successful candidate, but because of some personal grudge—or because *their* choice was defeated—and after the defeated candidate himself threatened vengeance to the party on account of his defeat. "Woe! woe! to my party"! he would say, "I will annihilate it, not a vestige of it shall be left; I will tear it up root and branch; I will scatter it to the four winds." Thus he soliloquises as he homeward plods in the sad hour of his disappointment. But when he rises up the morning after the election and finds the entire ticket elected by an increased majority, he wonders "Who frew dat last brick."

We know, when a person has announced himself as a candidate for office, he *wants* it, and when he has received the encouragement of his friends and begins to build "castles in the air" believing that his election is sure, and that he, and not another, should receive that nomination, and then after the nomination is made he discovers that the other fellow "got there." It is any thing but a pleasant picture for the defeated candidate to contemplate. (We know how it is ourselves, we've been there). But is that any reason why he should "kick"? It is a general principle that the minority should submit to the majority, and it is one of the Rules that governs our party that the delegates and candidates stand pledged to support the successful nominees whoever they be.

When the Democratic party came into power, the cry of the Republicans was, Hard times! hard times! Prostration of business! Our country is going to the dogs, &c., &c. But in the face of all this there never was a time, at least in the recollection of the writer, that the prospect for good times was any brighter than at present. Take our own county as a criterion; furnaces are going up, railroads are being built, all the ore lands in the county are gobbled up, thousands of miners are at work putting in full time and making good wages, nobody need be idle that desires to work. It has been discovered that the sun rises and sets the same under a Democratic as under a Republican administration. The confidence in our purely Jeffersonian Democratic principles is being more firmly rooted every day, hence this great stir in the business world. And now let me ask, why do you want to change back to Republican rule? There is no surer way to do this in Centre county than to oppose our own ticket and thereby encourage the Republicans. They are a wily, cunning, crafty set of fellows and will do every thing in their power to sow discord in our ranks, thereby hoping to carry off the prizes. Especially is this the case at the present time. They never were more hopeful, more confident that they will carry off at least a few of the prizes this fall, than at present—in fact they boast of it, boldly asserting that such will be the case. Already methinks I can see Feidler's big, red Shanghie rooster with open mouth mutely crowing, victory! victory!! No, no, fellow Democrats, none of this in ours. It will never do to let the Republicans get away with us in our county. Remember, that it was under Democratic and not under Republican rule that our county debt of nearly one hundred thousand dollars has been entirely wiped out and that in the short space of about four years. No, no, there never was a better opportunity for the Democrats of our county to forever dispel from the minds of the Republicans the hope of success. Fellow Democrats let us "sit down" on them; let us roll them out as flat as a pancake. Let us make them think the car of Juggernaut rolled over them, so that in the morning after the election, when the defeated Republican candidates meet they will inquire of each other, "Did the lightning strike you too"!

Now, fellow Democrats, we can do it, if we but do our duty we can thrash them so badly, that they will not again rally with as much assurance as they now have, for the next twenty years.

Let us "whoop 'er up" boys. Patrick Henry said in his memorable speech before the continental congress, "The battle is not to the strong alone, but to the vigilant, the active, the brave." Then let us be vigilant and active. We have a ticket in the field that no true Democrat need be ashamed to give it his most hearty support, and if we but do our duty our efforts will be crowned with success. We need but get out the vote and we are good for one thousand majority. No "French furloughs" please; no true and tried Democrat should for a moment harbor such an idea. Set aside personal grievances. No *one* person is greater than his party; let us avoid factional controversy. It will certainly prove fatal to our party if we persist in it. But good Lordy I have made this article longer than I intended to, so will leave the floor for the NEXT.

Unionville, Sept., 3, 86.

MURDERED BY HIGHWAY ROBBERS.

Mount Carmel, August 31.—Anthony Gillespie, a prominent young buissiness man of Mount Carmel, was brutally murdered on the public road between this town and Shamokin last night. Gillespie left here on Monday on his horse to visit friends. He carried a satchel and it is supposed his assailants thought it contained money. The body was carried by the murderers to a lonely spot on Brennan's farm. In addition to a gunshot wound in the neck, it was found by post-mortem examination that the skull had been crushed.

A MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS

Shanghai, Sept. 1.—Advices from Ching-Too-Foo, the chief city of the province of Sechuen, state that the natives of the eastern part of that province and those of Northern Cochin China, have risen against the Christains and are massacreing them and destroying all their property. This active persecution is attributed to the imprudence of the English and the American missionairies. In Cochin China alone, fifty Christains have been killed, their houses burned and their farms destroyed. In Sechuen a general massacre of Christians is reported to be in progress, and they are killed wherever found. It is said that whole villages occupied by Christians have been destroyed, and that all lands occupied by the professors of that faith are being devastated. The Apostolic Vicar's residence in Sechuen has been burned to the ground. Not a piece of furniture, nor a book, nor a paper was saved. The foreign consuls barely escaped from Sechuen with their lives. No efforts had been made up to the latest reports to quell the disorder, and so far as now known it continues unsuppressed.

WILLIAM'S GROVE.

The Centre county visitors to William's Grove have all returned and speak highly of the success of the big picnic. The farmers were there en masse, and the professional and other classes were glad to be there, to. The opportunity afforded farmers to become acquainted with each other from distant parts, and to learn from each others experience upon topics touching the great and important topic of agriculture, is just what the agriculturists have wanted long ago, and the Williams Grove gathering shows that they appreciate the chances thus afforded; its success shows that they know how to run a big thing just as well as some other folks.

The gathering this year was larger than in any previous year, and the display of implements and machinery made was equal to any first-class fair.

FIRE AT EAGLEVILLE.

The Lock Haven Express says: During the heavy thunder storm that passed to the southwest Saturday evening, a barn on the farm of the late John Clark, near Eagleville, Centre county, was struck by lightning and burned, with all its contents. One horse and a colt were burned in the barn, together with all of this year's crops. The total loss is about $1200, with an insurance of $1100. A portion of the farm implements were removed.

A PREVENTATIVE FOR HOG CHOLERA.

We have been shown an herb by Mr. Nicholas Hertzler, of Allenville, known to many under the name of "Queen of the Meadow," which he claims contains valuable properties as a preventative for Hog cholera. His manner of using it is to make a strong decoction or tea of its leaves and stems, and feed the same in the slop, in the proportion of a glassful to five hogs some half dozen times a month. Mr. Hertzler is positive in his assertions as to its good qualities, and those of our farmer friends who have porkers afflicted with this malady might do well to try this simple remedy.—Huntingdon Local News.

It would be well for some of our Ferguson township readers to give this a trial.

EXCITEMENT IN TEXAS.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recoverey of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds.

Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at all drug stores.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Hereafter subscribers to the REPORTER, who will remit one year's subscription in advance can retain **25** Cents as a premium for advance pay.

Any of our subscribers sending us the names of two new subscribers with the cash one year in advance, will get one year's credit free on REPORTER.

——Powers & Son having dissolved partnership, Mr Ed. Powers will carry on in the sale of boots and shoes at the old stand, as heretofore, and having bought the stock at low figures offers the same at unprecedently low prices.

FOR SALE.

A new two-story dwelling house and lot with good stable near the railroad. If desired the purchaser can have one or more acres of ground ¼ mile east of station.

Also, building lots ¼ mile east of Centre Hall station, prices $75 to $125 per lot, on easy terms. Apply to FRED KURTZ. tf

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against the purchase of a note, payable to Shires & Kennedy, dated August 12, 1886, at three months, for three hundred and fifteen ($315.) dollars. Not having received value for the same, I will not pay it unless compelled by law.

sep8 GEORGE OCKER, Centre Hall.

COAL DISCOVERED IN LYCOMING COUNTY.

Williamsport, September 5.—J. C. Holmes, while digging a well on his place about two miles from this city, struck a vein of coal about three feet in thickness. Appearances indicate that it is the extreme outcropping of a large vein.

THIEVES MAKE A HAUL.

Milton, Sept. 5.—Yesterday morning burglars gained admittance to the residence of P. L. Hackenberg, of this place. They entered the sleeping apartment, chloroformed Mr. Hackenberg and his wife, stole a $500 watch, $100, safe keys, and other valuables. Mr. Hackenberg regained consciousness just as one of the burglars was retreating through the window and fired, but missed him.

THE VERDICT UNANIMOUS.

W. D. Sult, druggist, Bippus, Ind. testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Belleville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only half a dollar a bottle at all drug stores.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES

For Wasting Diseases of Children,

Is a most valuable food and medicine. It creates an appetite for food, strengthens the nervous system and builds up the body. It is prepared in a palatable form and prescribed universally by Physicians. Take no other. sept

——Besides the old stock of boots and shoes, Ed. Powers has received a new supply of goods, and offers first-class bargains in boots and shoes at the old stand.

——To clear stock for this season, I will sell my stock of Canaries, Red birds and Goldfinchs at almost cost. This is a good opportunity to secure a fine singer at a small cost. J. D. MURRAY.

Nicholas Zelders, of Pfoutz Valley, Perry county, while walking in his bare feet recently, was bitten three times by a copperhead snake and is in a critical condition.

The secret of successful advertising is to tell the truth. When we say that Dreydoppel's Borax Soap is the best and cheapest soap you can use for all purposes, it is a plain statement of fact, and the best way for you to satisfy yourself is to try a pound. sept

Cat-R is the trade mark of the most successful preparation on the market, Keller's Catarrh Remedy. It has worked wonders and is no ordinary patent preparation. See advertisement.

Erysipelas and Salt Rheum was driven entirely away from Mrs. J. C. Anderson, Peshtigo, Wis. by Burdock Blood Bitters. No equal as a blood purifier.

——Clothing selling off at cost at the Philadelphia Branch. If you want a suit, now is your time to get it and save a pile of money. Boy's suits of all styles so cheap that you will be surprised. Don't miss a chance, but go at once and secure a bargain.

——LADIES WANTED.—A lady agent is wanted in every city and villiage; also ladies to travel and solicit orders for Madame Wood's Corsets and Corded Corset Waists, Tampico Forms, Hose Supporters, Steel Protectors, Ladie's Friend, etc. Agents are making from Twenty to Fifty dollars a week.

Send for circulars and price-list to B. Wood, 64 South Salina Street, Syracuse, N. Y. 5sep2m

SALESMEN WANTED to sell Nursery Stock. All Goods Warranted First-class, Permanent, pleasant, profitable positions for the right men. Good salaries and expenses paid. Liberal inducements to new men. No previous experience necessary. Outfit free. Write for terms, giving age. Reference **REQUIRED**
CHARLES H. CHASE, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. Mention this paper. 5sep4

$350 PER MONTH.—Salary and commission to competent Manager for this City or State Agency. A splendid combination. Our AUTOMATIC GAS GOVERNORS save 33 per cent. in gas bills. Our Silver Gas Lights can be attached to any fixture, instantly changing the dull, sickly, yellow flame of any gas to a soft, mellow, luminous white, increasing brilliancy 50 per cent. Over 8000 in service. Address
THE UNION NATIONAL GAS SAVING CO.
5sep3m 21 East 14th St., New York.

FOR SALE.—A new two-story house and lot with stable, at Centre Hall station. Apply to F. Kurtz. t

☞ You must now make your money out of the Barn and Poultry yard, with the LEHIGH CATTLE POWDER, to purify the Blood and cleanse the System, thereby prevent and cure disease in Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry.

DUVOY'S HORSE & MULE POWDER, for all diseases of the Blood, Muscles and Nervous System, and save the 37 to 50 per cent. of food lost as indigested, in the ordinary way of feeding.

FARMER'S UNION CATTLE POWDER, in 7 lb. bags, for dairy use; to increase quantity and quality of Milk, Fat, Butter, Flesh and Eggs, and to give nature such ingredients as it needs to yield the largest profits.

DAIRY-MEN'S CATTLE POWDER, (for the same use as the Farmer's Union,) in 5 lb. bags, for 50 Cents per bag.

GAMBRINUS PULVER, The Liver Remedy,

JAPANESE CORN CURE, for Corns and Bunions.

UNION ROACH, RAT, MICE and ANT EXTERMINATOR, Never Fails.

DAIRY, POULTRY and DOCTOR BOOKS, with Goods Free.

For sale by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. 9jun6m

Trust.

I know not if for dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain;
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

He holds me when the billows smite—
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light—
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land—
The end is this;
And th-n with him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

A WOMAN'S WIT.

I used to laugh at the idea that a woman could outwit a man. I used to say that, smart as she might be, a man with his senses about him was smarter still. That she could be detected in an instant, and that whatever her purpose was she showed it so plainly in her face that no one could be deceived for a moment. And that as she could go nowhere without attracting attention, and needed a male protector, whenever she did anything out of the common, such as taking a journey or going out after dark, as she never knew how to dispatch parcels or messages quietly, and had no idea of the hours of railway trains, or the way to get anywhere or do anything legally, the man who suffered himself to be outwitted by her was little short of an idiot.

I have altered my mind now. I have been the guardian of Miss Matilda Middlebury for twenty-four hours, and I revoke all that I have said. A woman cannot tie up a parcel, get to an unknown part of the world, cut anything with a knife, or give a direction properly; but when she makes up her mind to marry some one who is willing, old cloven hoof and all his imps could not baffle her. She'll have her way.

Miss Matilda Middlebury is a young lady of twenty-two years. I, as her father's legal adviser, know her exact age. Before last week I had never seen her face to face. Last week I made her acquaintance. It was in this wise:

There came to me, per post, a letter dated Clemence Hill, and written as I saw at once, by some person in a violent rage. Lines all crooked. Letters any shape. This is what it said to me:

CLEMENCE HILL, Saturday.

MR. MARTIN, *Dear Sir*: I shall make no apology for troubling you about a matter which you will perhaps consider a little out of your sphere. I should not make any apology to the king of anywhere for asking him to pull me out of the water if I were drowning. This is a life and death matter to me; you must help me. Besides, you are my legal adviser, and I want you to take the law into your own hands. That is all.

I have a daughter—Matilda Middlebury. You have made my will in her favor. It is possible that you may have to alter it yet; but that is neither here nor there. That daughter is now twenty-two years old; consequently, of age and her own mistress. She has chosen to fall in love with a contemptible, good-for-nothing rascal, whom I have forbidden her to speak to again, and she is determined to marry him. She tried to humbug me, the jade, and promised to give him up; but I have positive information that she has resolved to marry him. All preparations are made, and the trunks packed for a departure to Europe. I forgot to say that she is visiting a friend at— ——— street, New York.

The rascal comes there every evening, plays the piano, sings sentimental songs, makes love. The other girl is in the plot, and is, going to be bridesmaid. And here am I with the gout in my right foot, chained down at Clemence Hill, without a friend, I dare to trust in the world save you.

For Heaven's sake find me the girl. Take her into custody. Arrest her. Do what you choose with her—only don't lose sight of her until you bring her safe to me. I don't care what it costs; do it. I'm a rich man. Any bill will be considered reasonable. You will have the undying gratitude of your old friend in the bargain, of course.

Matilda doesn't know anything about law and is awfully afraid of it. Remember out of your sight one moment and all is over. Thank Heaven you never married and have no daughter.

Yours truly,
J. P. MIDDLEBURY.

No.— ———street. Don't forget. Lady of the name of Stark, wife of Dr. Stark, is the person she is visiting.
J. P. M.

My friends, the man who would desert his fellow-man under such circumstances must be lower than the brutes. I confided the business to my partner, telling him that affairs of importance called me from home, and with a small carpet-bag containing some linen and a brush and comb, walked over to No.— street, without further delay, and requested to see Miss Matilda Middlebury.

In five minutes she came into the room—a short, plump, very broad-shouldered young woman, with a turned-up-nose, big black eyes, long eyelashes and crisp, curly black hair. Her color came and went, so that one moment her cheek was dappled with red and the next a clear brunette tint. She had white teeth and pretty hands, and I knew by the way she looked at me that she had a spirit; but I knew also that women are ignorant of the law, and I thought that I could manage her.

"Miss Middlebury?" said I.

"Yes, sir," said she.

"Martin—of Martin, Grub & Co."—said I, bowing.

"Very much pleased to see you, Mr. Martin," said she. "I've often heard papa speak of you."

"My dearest friend—one of them, at least," said I. "Your father is a man for a daughter to be proud of, Miss Middlebury."

"Yes," said she, "I suppose so. "And what did papa tell you to say to me?"

"My dear young lady," said I, "do you know that you are seriously offending your good papa?"

"To be seriously offended is pa's normal condition," said she, "so it don't matter much."

"You are aware that I made a will in your favor some time ago?" said I.

"And papa threatens to alter it if I show any desire to please myself in anything," said Miss Matilda. "I presume he sent you here to say so. He has said it very often himself, very often, indeed; and I tell you, as I told him, that money, though desirable, is nothing when it stands in the way of the strongest feelings of one's life. What is the use of mincing matters? You know he objects to my marriage, but I am of age; he is unreasonable. I intend to do as I please. There's your answer."

"Madame," said I, "my message from your father is this: You are to return home, under my escort, at once."

"Perhaps I shall refuse to go," said she.

"Madam," said I, "I am prepared for that."

And then I brought in the legal hocus-pocus with which I armed myself.

"Madam," said I, "though of age, it is necessary for you to show just cause before you can refuse to return to a parent's roof. Nine days are necessary for a quit-claim. Meanwhile you are legally a minor. Pending your proof before a magistrate, I have authority to arrest you and take you home. I do so in the name of the law. I trust you will not force me to put handcuffs upon a lady's wrists or to call in four police officers and lodge you in jail all night; but, being under bonds to your father, I shall be obliged to do so if you resist; otherwise, I can offer you my arm, and escort you, as any gentleman might, to the railway station."

As she listened, all the pretty red color faded from Miss Matilda's cheeks.

"What a dreadful thing law is!" she said. "I had no idea such laws existed. Then I suppose I must go with you. But I'm not a baby. Show me your proofs—your papers—whatever gives you your right."

I took from my pocket a lease written on parchment and tied with red tape.

"The warant, madam," I said.

I turned over the edge of my waistcoat and exhibited the pin of the Jolly Good Fellows' Club, of which I am a member.

"My badge of office, madam," I said.

She turned paler still; she sat down and began to cry. Suddenly she wiped her eyes.

"May I write a note to tell somebody why I break an engagement?" she said. "And before I go down to that stupid hole where papa wants to bury me, will you go with me to the dressmaker's?"

"Certainly," I said. To myself I remarked: "She will plan to escape from me at the dressmaker's. I must watch her there."

Miss Matilda wrote the note. She sent it off before my eyes, and, without leaving the room, she called a maid to bring her her lace shawl and a hat and vail.

"And my pearl-colored gloves, Rose," she added "And, remember, pack everything nicely."

Then, having bidden good-bye to her weeping friend, who called her papa "a brute," and who refused to be introduced to me, we started off. As we left the house I watched her closely. There was something in her face I did not like, but I felt that I was master of the situation.

"Where does your dressmaker live?" I asked.

She gave me the address. It was not a store—a fashionable set of parlors in —— street. There lay the danger, and I knew it.

"Miss Matilda," said I, "you will forgive me for reminding you that I cannot leave you even for a moment."

"No, need to remind me of that," she answered, in a tone that was not, to say the least of it, very complimentary.

We walked down the street together, and I, as an elderly gentleman, felt that I might offer her my arm. She was capable, I saw, of running away at any moment, but she did not run. She sauntered slowly, staring at the shops as she went on, and making remarks about the people we passed. She carried a little bag in her hand, and twirled it, as she walked, in a reckless sort of manner.

What happened might have been expected. At the turn of the street a young man, dressed in respectable clothing, darted up and snatched the bag, and immediately turned and fled. However, he did not run far, for before I could utter a word a stout policeman had darted from a shop-door, seized the thief and held him, pale with terror and shaking like an aspen leaf, until we walked up.

"Your bag, missus?" asked the policeman.

"Oh, yes," said Matilda. "I'm so thankful you caught him. Oh, dear, I felt so dreadfully! Oh, how could you be so wicked! But perhaps I'd better let you off, young man, now I've got the money back."

"See if it is safe, miss," said the policeman.

Matilda opened the bag.

"It's empty" said she.

"What! have you played that game?" said the policeman. "You'll have to come up to the office, miss, and make a charge. We'll search him; he must have it about him."

"I'll give it up, sir," said the young man. "Here is the money," and he handed a ten-dollar bill to the policeman. "Oh, miss, I'm really not an old offender. Circumstances drove me to the commission of the crime. Forgive me!"

"That's all humbug," said the policeman; "come along. You follow, if you please, Miss. I don't consider it the duty of good citizens to let such fellows off, for my part."

"Nor I," said I. "Come on, Miss Matilda.

The policeman led the way with the young man. As we walked behind, I particularly noticed that he had a very gentlemanly appearance. New York thieves often have. My heart really bled for him. He was one who should have played a better part.

We arrived at the station and were led into a sort of private parlor, where we were asked to wait awhile; the prisoner being led away by the policeman. I saw the door of the room in which the justice sat open; I saw him at his desk. I saw the prisoner standing before him. Then it closed with a bang. In another instant the policeman returned.

"Miss," said he, "his Honor wishes to see you alone. Our young man declares the affair a conspiracy against him, and you will be questioned separately. No offense, sir."

"None," said I. Then I beckoned the policeman apart and slipped two dollars into his hand. "Don't lose sight of the young lady until she rejoins me," I said.

"No, sir; on no account," said he.

And off they went together.

They were gone ten minutes, and returned as they went. Miss Matilda had been weeping.

"The lady's evidence was all sufficient," said the man.

"Then they have committed him?" said I.

"Yes, he's committed, said Matilda. "Oh, poor fellow. I—I'll go now, Mr. Martin."

I led her away.

As we went I saw the policeman grinning after us. I couldn't think why.

We said very little as we walked on, and were at the dressmaker's in no time. Now or never would she baffle me. She might escape by a back door or the roof; how could I tell. I refused to allow her to go into the next room. I stared at her—while madam—all indignation—measured her shoulders and the length of her skirt. When she went behind a screen to be "tried on," I watched her little feet below it, and when I got her out of the house I rejoiced.

We caught the train by a hair's breadth. I did not doubt that she tried to miss it altogether, and all night I watched her, lest at some station she should even yet elude me. When, twenty-fours from our first meeting, I rang the bell of her father's residence I was a jaded being, but I was triumphant.

I walked into her father's chamber with Matilda on my arm.

"Sir," I said, "I have done my duty. Here is Miss Matilda Middlebury."

Shall I ever forget that moment? As I spoke Matilda turned about with a laugh.

"You've made a mistake," said she. "A married woman bears her husband's name. Mrs. Jackson, if you please. Papa, here is my certificate, and this is my ring."

She drew off her glove as she spoke, and a heavy wedding-ring, which she had not worn when we started, glittered on her finger.

"You were afraid of the dressmaker's house," she said. "There was no danger there. I was married at the police station. You drove me to that vulgar act, papa.

"The theft was a sham. The policeman was bribed.

"He merely ushered Charles into the presence of the justice of the peace. Escorted me afterward into the same room, and was witness to the ceremony.

"The law is very hard upon us poor young women," she added, with a meaning glance at me. "And the parchment was very imposing. But those whom God has joined together no man can put asunder. And papa must forgive me before my husband comes to-morrow."

I suppose Mr. Middlebury did forgive his daughter, for I never altered his will but I went back to the city in such a boiling rage that if it had been in my power to have disinherited her Matilda would now be penniless.

I got over my anger long ago, and I have learned a lesson by it. It is this: A willful woman will have her way, and no man can stop her.

Care of Animals in Summer.

Provide water—fresh pure water. Think reader, how you are refreshed by a drink of cool water on a hot day. The lower animals are equally in need of the means of quenching thirst.

The active dog requires drink frequently during the hot day, as does also the cat; and a dish of fresh water should stand where they can have access to it. Undoubtedly many a dog is driven to madness through lack of water; and the testimony is that hydrophobia is almost unknown in those localities where dogs can drink when they wish.

Every city, village and country town should be liberally supplied with drinking fountains for animals and they should be so constructed that even the smallest dogs can drink from them. No gift to a people confers a greater pleasure than a fountain, and that person who turns aside a stream from a field and gives a watering trough to the roadside, or provides a fountain at which man and beast can drink pure water is truly a public benefactor.

Give the horse frequent opportunity to quench thirst at times when not too much over-heated, and before eating. To drink freely immediately after eating prevents a favorable digestion of food.

Provide shade. How instinctively we seek the shadow when the sun is pouring its hot rays on the dry and parching earth. If the pasture is not provided with shade trees in a convenient locality, set four, six or eight supports, across which place straw or grass, and thus, in a brief time and with little labor make a shade in which animals can rest from the heat of the sun, to the great comfort of themselves and benefit to their owners.

Remove the harness from the horses in the hot day whenever you desire to give them a full, free rest, and once during the day, preferably at night, a thorough currying and grooming, will not only give rest, but will do about as much toward improving the animal's condition as will the oats.

Examine the harness on your working team, and you will discover that blinds, checkreins and cruppers are simply torturing contrivances, serving no useful purpose. Take them all off for the convenience of yourself and the comfort of the horses. Keep the stable well ventilated and free from the strong ammonia which is injurious to the eyes. Assist the animals to protect themselves against flies, feed regularly, hitch in the shade, and remember that the care which will give comfort to the lower animals will make them doubly profitable to their owners, aside from the humane bearing upon the subject.

It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life. It affects us even more than our intimate social relations do. Our confidential friends have not so much to do in shaping our lives as thoughts have which we harbor.

AN ARTLESS POCKET VENUS.

A Tale of Man's Fiendish Nature and an Alligater-Head Umbrella.

A long time ago I was madly enamored of Mary Jane Bowles. Mary Jane was what you would call a pocket Venus, and often have I been tempted to tuck her under my arm like a packet of sugar, and fly to the nearest desert island.

She was an artless girl and very fond of society—especially the society of young men with whom I was not on terms of ardent friendship. I did not blame her for this, and when she invited me to tea and I found that Johnson had also been invited, my discerning eye observed that this was not coquetry, but pure exuberance of spirits. Mr. Bowles I noticed, was of the same opinion, and it was a great satisfaction to have my judgment confirmed by so experienced a parent. Mrs. Bowles, had she been alive, would no doubt have agreed with us.

I had known Mary Jane since she wore short frocks. Johnson had known her about a month. It was pleasant to hear her call me Sam and him Mr. Johnson, but somehow the familiarity in my case seemed to have bred, not contempt—oh, dear no! nothing of tfiat kind—but a sort of nonchalence of manner. But that was her artlessness.

"Dear me, Sam," she observed at the tea-table, "what have you got such a long face for?" Johnson's attentions had made me a little pensive.

"Something must be long to make up for the prevailing shortness," I said.

Johnson was not much taller than Mary Jane. I made a note of that sarcasm afterwards. My impromptus are too often lost.

"Don't be impertinent, sir. Look into that spoon. Your face is exactly like the reflection you see there, isn't it, Mr. Johnson?"

He grinned. It was then I observed for the first time the singular breadth of his vision. His grin seemed to extend across the room.

"If Mr. Johnson will hold the spoon horizontally he may admire his own image," I remarked playfully.

Johnson grinned again. He was one of those insanely good-humored men whom it is quite impossble to annoy.

"Sam, you are outrageous," said Mary Jane. "Mr. Johnson and I are going to practice our duet. You stop here and talk to pa."

Mr. Bowles had to be aroused from the doze into which he usually dropped after tea. It was in that habit that my penetration had detected his conviction that Mary Jane was an artless creature.

When I left the house that evening I was thoughtful. It struck me that Johnson had Mary Jane in his mind's eye. I could not damage that organ of vision, so I decided that nothing could be gained by hitting him. But something would have to be done. I wanted to marry Jane. She was a charming girl and her father had a little money.

My suspicions about Johnson were confirmed next day. I met a lively friend, who said:

"Oh, you know Johnson?"

"Well!"

"He's going in for the little Bowles. Told me he should propose to-morrow night when he takes her home from Twig's party."

Perdition! Going to propose when he took her home from Twig's!

It had been agreed that I should escort Mary Jane to the hall of Twig. It was a fine night, apparently, but I took my umbrella. It was a new one, surmounted by an alligator's head in German silver. Fervently I invoked Jupiter Pluvius to befriend me, and hoped Johnson would leave his umbrella at home.

It was less than ten minutes' walk, but there was time enough to show a little preliminary tenderness, if not to put the grand question itself. With an artless girl like Mary Jane it was best to approach such a subject by degrees.

"'Twas just such a night as this," said I, softly, "when you and I, Mary Jane, trod the grassy turf beside that murmuring brook"——

"Oh, I remember she exclaimed, laughing in her guileless way. "I know what you are going to say. That was the time you fell over the stile, running away from the bull. And your nose was done up in sticking plaster, you know, and you scratched my face with it sir."

I had forgotten that circumstnnce; but what did it matter?

"Yes, Mary Jane," I said passionately. "And why did my nose scratch your face? Because my lips was seeking that paradise which now—"

"Good evening, Miss Bowles." It was Johnson. I saw his grin in the moonlight, and—confusion!—he had brought his umbrella.

There was a little dancing at Twig's, but I had no pleasure in it. My mind was full of Johnson's umbrella. It came before my diseased vision like Macbeth's dagger. I clutched at it and I had it not.

Time wore on. I stood at the window alone and looked out at the weather. Dark clouds obscured the moon. Heavy drops began to fall. Then the temptation had me in its grip.

"His umbrella!" I gasped. "I'll—I'll hide it."

"It's going to be a nasty night out, after all," said a hated voice at my elbow. "I believe only you and I have brougt umbrellas. There'll be an awful scrimmage for cabs. Luckily we haven't far to walk."

He was grinning more than ever, but he could not have heard me. A cab would not suit him, of course! He wanted to walk home with Mary Jane, slowly—but very slowly—so that I would do the deed. I would throw his umbrella—

"Oh, Sam, do take me down to refreshments. I asked Mr. Johnson, but he has forgotten me."

She looked up into my face so bewitchingly that my heart thumped as if it were a door-knocker in the grasp of a demon postman. He knew she was thirsting for the claret-cup and yet he left her. Careless brute! What a husband he would make. Whereas in me—in me—she would find—

"Mary Jane," I whispered, as we left the giddy crowd that stood around the liquids, "Mary Jane, may I see you home?"

"If you are a good boy perhaps you may. But here's Mr. Johnson and I owe him a dance."

He took her away, but she looked back at me with a smile. I really never saw such an artless girl in my life.

The melancholy voice of divers cats seemed to protest against the crime, but my nerves were firm. I could see nothing. No matter; I knew where my enemy had put his umbrella. I groped for it. I grasped it by the ferruled end. Just then a footstep startled me. I rushed to the window and dropped the hateful thing into the abyss below. There was a splash. I felt a sardonic joy.

I went down to the refreshment saloon, drank a glass of wine, chatted a while with Mrs. Twig and recoved my self-possession. Then I sought Mary Jane.

Everybody was now going away. With a fiendish delight I saw Johnson walk upstairs to get his hat and coat and his——Ha! ha! I waited till he came down. He was perfectly cool, and —did my eyes mock me?—he had in his hand an umbrella! I could not see the handle, but, of course, it was mine.

The fellow's impudence staggered me. I tore up into the room above. There was no umbrella there. It was mine! I went down, resolved to make an example of Johnson, He stood in the hall, leisurely putting on his gloves.

"Excuse me," I said, calmly, "but you have got my umbrella."

"I think not," he replied, with his everlasting grin.

"But you have it, sir! There can be no mistake about it. Pray is your umbrella handle an alligator's head in solid silver.

"I think not," said Johnson, coolly. He held up the umbrella. It was not mine!"

"I am quite ready, Sam. What's the matter? You can't find your umbrella? Oh, dear! And Mrs. Twig says she has lent every umbrella she has. Are you sure you brought it? Oh, thank you, Mr. Johnson. Good night, Sam; Mr. Johnson will see me home. It isn't raining much, and you won't get wet if you run all the way."

I don't know whether I got wet or not. For that matter I don't know how I got home. I believe the Twigs thought I had been drinking too much. Perhaps I had, or how could I have thrown the wrong umbrella out of the window? It was found some weeks later, and when it was brought to me in a pulpy condition by young Twig, who is the smallest of wags, he suggested that I should adopt a water-butt and umbrella as a crest.

Johnson did propose to "the little Bowles" during their walk home.

They are married now.

That umbrella business remains a mystery, but I am still convinced of the artlessness of Mary Jane.

Pin Money Pointers.

Several stores are selling fine linen-lawn for dress-goods and boys' waists for 15 cents a yard. This is a great reduction in price. The goods are among the most serviceable in the market and are also tasteful.

Exquisitely fine embroidery or mull suitable for an infant's christening robe or a fine white gown is retailing for 50 and 75 cents a yard. It comes from a half to one yard wide.

The seersucker cloth with the crinkled stripe make convenient gowns for the country, as they do not require ironing. A piece of old black velvet or velveteen made into one of the belt berthas now so fashionable will take but little time and makes an attractive adjunct to a light toilet.

Spanish lace scarfs are again in favor for knotting about the throat. Old ones are renovated by dipping in soap bark and pressing over flannel with a warm iron.

Any of the hats with a flat brim may be converted to one of the sailor shapes now in favor. The crown will generally need to be lowered and the brim be made round and even.

One or two sets of ribbon and one of black velvet worn at different times with the same dress makes it appear like a new one.

Buff-colored cheese-cloth, which is selling for 5 and 6 cents a yard, will make a pretty evening dress, and is becoming to a person with a creamy complexion.

All kinds of wool dress-goods are greatly reduced in price and most of them will be fashionable for Fall wear, although perhaps not the extreme of fashion. In another month the prices will be raised.

Archaeological Find in Germany.

Some excavations lately carried out at Flonheim near Worms, have lately brought to light some most interesting specimens of Frankish antiquity. In and around the old Romano-Gothic church Franconian chiefs and nobles had their burial places. The new church does not stand on exactly the same ground as the old one, and so it was possible to undertake explorations that would otherwise have been difficult. In one grave a necklace of fine pearls was found around the neck of a female skeleton, with small golden plates adorned with filagree work inserted as pendants between each pair of pearls. There were some heavily gilt silver ornaments, with filagree work, lying on the breast; beside the skeleton a piece of yellow topaz, a silver buckle, and a comb of bone. In another woman's grave there were similar ornaments, and also some pieces of glass (unusual in Frankish graves), and keys of a form hitherto unknown in Germany. In a man's grave there were found a gold ring of exquisite workmanship, which could have belonged only to a woman, a pot of singular shape, arrows, a shield, heavy javelin, a sword, a drinking cup, a beautiful buckle of gilt bronze, and a piece of chain of twisted wire.

Everyone must see daily instances of people who complain from a mere habit of complaining, and make their friends uneasy and strangers merry by murmuring at evils that do not exist and repining at grievances which they do not really feel.

Preaching is of divine appointment.

Duty cannot be plain in two diverging path.

A FANTASTIC SCENE.

The Grotesque Throng Which Fills the Streets of Nice on Shrove Tuesday.

Who could describe the motley thousands that form the crowd? Who could resolve them into their elements? Picture the most fantastic scene and the most fantastic pantomime that was ever seen in a theatre or circus, and multiply the effect ten thousand fold, picture thousands of masked and domined men and women, attired as demons, as Mephistopheles, as imps and apes, as cats and dogs, as frogs and vegetables, conjure up hosts of ghosts, think of the most horrible night-mare or the awful things of an opium orgie, and you have something of the effect produced on the mind by one's first impression of a Nice carnival. Imagine this great pantomime, in which fifty or sixty thousand people take part, giving themselves up to the daring frivolities of the carnival for three or four hours in open air, with a burning, blazing sun. The ingenuity and the taste which are expended upon this wonderful ceremony are extraordinary, and not less impressive is the astonishing variety of the costumes assumed by the crowd which has flocked here to take a deep draught of diablerie. The tops of the long colonnade were black with people, and there was no window and no point of vantage which was unoccupied. Up aloft some were contented to brave the dangers without masks, but the majority were both masked and dominoed. Opposite the prefecture was placed the throne of King Carnival, and the enormous figure of that awful potenate towered thirty feet up in the air, a Gargantuan monarch, with features modeled in proportion to his height. Like the horse of Troy, his body serves as a receptacle, not for men but for fireworks. On the last night of the revelries a fuse is lighted, and the King flies up to the starlit heavens, illuminating the evening sky with a million lights, crimson, golden, silver, shooting hither and thither, and dropping their liquid fire on the crowd. "The King is dead. Long live the King!" cry the fickle plebs, and until 1887 the King and his court are forgotten. Round this huge figure, standing out like some savage idol, files the procession, slowly moving up the street to the braying of trumpets, and the beating of drums, and the fire of guns. The grotesque throng keeps admirable order as the procession marches slowly past, cheering and shrieking with laughter and cries of admiration, keeping up a fierce fire of confetti the while. Bands of men, women and children pass, clad in long, flowing dominoes of every conceivable cut and fashion, red, pink, blue, green, violet, slashed with trimmings of other colors, affording vivid contrasts to the body of the fabric. The masks are hideous and beautiful, with eyes bleared or languishing, mouth all awry or of perfect form, noses dwarfed, noses elongated, hooked, bent, broken; faces bloody, faces roughed, ochred; wigs of pink, tresses of flowing yellow or of coal black. Many wear paper masks, which admit of even more startling effects. One sees clowns in sugar-loaf hats and parti-colored robes, pantaloons and harlequins and troops of devils. Even the babes and children are disguised, and mother would not recognize son, nor husband wife.

The Cuban Woman's Beauty.

In the physical beauty of the Cuban woman the commanding features are the foot, whose daintiness and symmetry are marvellous; the supple, willowy grace of movement of person; the exquisitely modeled form, and the eyes which never lose their lustre and glow.

Cuban women wear shoes no larger than the No. 1 size for woman in the states. Nor is this diminutive size the result of any pinching process. She is born that way.

She is the most graceful woman on her feet, in her walk and carriage, in the promenade, or in the dance, you ever saw.

Of her form, it is perfection. Nine women out of ten you meet are models of symmetry. There is greater delicacy in line and proportion. They do not so torture their persons or themselves.

The Cuban woman's face may be said to be wholly interesting and lovely rather than wholly beautiful. Its beauty is in its expression rather than in repose. This face is of the Latin mould, oval and with a delicate protruding of a pretty and shapely chin. Her complexion is warm, creamy, with no carnation in her cheeks. But her mouth, large, mobile, tremulous, with just a suggestion of pathos in the slight drawing down at the corners, has lips so red and ripe that her ever perfect teeth dazzle in brilliant contrast. Her hair is of that lead-black darkness which suggests a weird, soft mist upon the night and is indeed a glory ever.

But her eyes are her priceless crowning loveliness, her never-ending power and charm. They cannot be described. When you say that behind their long, dark, half-hiding lashes they are large, dark, dreamy, yet glowing, flashing with fire, liquid with languor, you have only hinted their inexpressible expressiveness. They are the same eyes at 9, at 19 and at 90.

Grapes From the Desert.

Ripe Muscat Grapes were gathered at Indio station, on the Southern Pacific railroad, on June 20. Indio is a way station on the Colorado desert, about half way between Yuma and Colton. It is below the sea level and is probably the warmest point along the line of the railroad. The barren desert surrounds it upon all sides, and one would imagine that nothing could be made to grow in such a bed of salt. The experiment was singularly successful, however, and not only do grapes and other fruits thrive and mature surprisingly early, but all kinds of vegetables when supplied with a proper quantity of water. It is not likely that the desert in question will ever become the garden of Eden; it is impossible to transform it into one, because the process will cost more than the resulting paradise will be worth, but the experiments at Indio give evidence of the wondrous possibilities of the broad stretch of southern country now looked upon as a barren and worthless desert.

HOUSEHOLD.

THE straw covers that are put around claret and other bottles can be made use of for decorating our rooms, and are a pretty addition to the corner that would otherwise be forlorn and unoccupied. Select those covers that look fresh, and turn them with the pointed end down and open end up. Fasten them together, side by side, with a few stitches, or better still a hairpin, which may be passed through the straw covers, and bent, to keep them in place. Take a third cover, hold it in the same way, with the open end up, and fasten it between the two first covers, a little below them. A large bow of gay-colored ribbon may now be added, either to the ends of the covers or else half way on the middle of the center one. This arrangement may now be fastened to the wall and filled with bunches of pampas grass, everlastings and any of the fancy grasses which can now be had for decorative purposes. These bouquets are called "Makart bouquets" after the celebrated painter who passed much of his time grouping and arranging them, and who was mainly instrumental in bringing them into fashion.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Take a sufficient number of ripe tomatoes and cut a thin slice from the stalk of each. Remove the insides, being careful not to break the outside of the fruit. Press the tomato pulp through a sieve and mix it with a little pepper and salt, two ounces of ham previously cooked and finely minced, an onion chopped very small, two tablespoonfuls of sifted bread crumbs, a few sprigs of fresh parsley well washed and shreded fine, and a well-beaten egg. Mix these ingredients thoroughly together, and fill the tomatoes with the mixture. Place them, with the cut side uppermost, in a baking tin; cover the tops with seasoned bread crumbs, and bake in a brisk oven for half an hour. Send a little good brown gravy to table in the dish with them. For a change the tomatoes may be filled with any kind of cold meat, poultry or game, finely minced and pleasantly seasoned. Prepared in this way they form a most delicious delicacy.

HOMEMADE CREAM CHEESE.—Put a scant teaspoonful of salt into one pint of sweet, thick cream; stir into it, having previously slightly warmed the cream, a tablespoonful of rennet, and pour the whole into a scalded and cooled linen cloth, which has been laid into a soup plate. Let it remain in a warm kitchen for twelve hours; then change it into a clean cloth, wetted as before, and remove it into a cool dairy or larder. Change the cloth daily until the cheese begins to be firm to the touch. Smooth it with a wooden knife into a perfectly round shape and lay it on a clean plate. Turn it every day until it begins to look buttery and yellow, when it is fit for the table.

SUET PUDDING.—Three quarters of a pound of suet, three-quarters of a pound of fine bread crumbs, four ounces of sugar, a pinch of salt, three eggs, one lemon. Chop the suet up until very fine and add the bread crumbs, the sugar, the salt, the grated zest of the lemon together with its juice (strained) and the eggs beaten. Mix all the ingredients well together and tie in a cloth, allowing sufficient room for the pudding to swell. Then plunge it into boiling water and let it boil briskly for from four and a half to five hours or until done.

AN English lady writes concerning tomatoes on toast: Take six or eight ripe tomatoes; cut away the stalks and any green part there may be; take out the seeds and cut the tomatoes into thick slices; arrange these in a single layer on a greased baking-tin; sprinkle over them some finely sifted bread crumbs, seasoned with salt and pepper; put a little piece of butter on each slice, and bake in a brisk oven for fifteen minutes. Serve them on neatly cut pieces of hot buttered toast with the gravy that is in the dish with them poured over; some consider a few drops of lemon juice an improvement.

WATERMELON CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, whites of four eggs, one-half teaspoonful soda, one of cream of tartar, two scant cups of flour, one fourth cup of sour milk, two thirds cup of pink sugar, one fourth cup of butter, one-half teaspoon of soda, whites of two eggs, one tea cup of raisins, flour enough to make rather stiff. First and second half of recipe to be made up separately, and mixed like marble cake before baking.

STEWED RAISINS.—Take one pound of best raisins, pick them free from stalks; cover in a dish with cold water, steep all night; put them in a stewpan and bring the water to the boiling point, then simmer until the skins are quite tender; turn into a dish to cool, and they are ready for use. This, with bread, is an excellent dish for persons of weak digestion or for invalids. If half a pound of figs, each cut in four parts, be stewed with the raisins, the liquor will be rich, syrupy and delicious.

A NOTABLE housekeeper says that an economical substitute for butter may be easily made. Melt a piece of nice fat pork, and strain it through a thin cloth into jars. Set it aside where it will cool quickly, where it may be used instead of butter for any kind of cake. Pound cake made with it is pronounced delicious.

BEEF BROTH.—Take a leg of beef, cut it in pieces; put it into a gallon of water, skim it; put in two or three blades of mace, some parsley, and a crust of bread, boil it until the beef and sinews are tender. Toast bread and cut into slices; put it in a dish; lay in beef and pour on the broth.

CARAMEL PUDDING.—Prepare a mold by giving it a thick coating of caramel sugar; when this has set, pour into the mold a custard, made of the yelks of eight eggs and one and-a-half pints of the best cream; steam for one hour and serve with it

FARM NOTES.

THE peach tree requires cultivation entirely different from that needed for the pear, yet where the orchards are side by side the same treatment is usually given both. In former days, before the new varieties were known, peach and pear trees were hardy, and lived for quite a long period, but with grafting and budding the conditions necessary for success seem to have been changed. The blight with the pear and the yellows with the peach, are the great obstacles in the way, while the borer also does his share of the work of destruction.

Compared with the pear the peach requires clean cultivation. The orchard should first be plowed and well worked with the harrow before planting the trees and the ground kept clean of grass and weeds. No manure should be used unless it is in the shape of well-rotted compost, but marl and muck, that has been used as absorbent material, is of advantage. The best fertilizer is either muriate or sulphate of potash, about 200 pounds per acre, using, at the same time, about 100 pounds of superphosphate. No nitrogenous fertilizer is necessary the first two years, but after the trees begin to bear 100 pounds of nitrate of soda may be applied in the spring, while the quantity of potash and superphosphate may be doubled. The mode of application should be to broadcast the fertilizer over the entire surface instead of around the trees. Something depends, however, upon the character of the soil and climate. The borer must be watched and never allowed to effect a lodgment in the tree, and the first signs of decay in any portion of the tree should at once call for the use of the knife, and as the peach tree responds well to careful pruning it may be easily trained to proper shape. Coal oil or kerosene will almost instantly kill the peach trees, and should never be used in the orchards against insects on the peach trees. Wood ashes and ground bone also make excellent fertilizers.

THE bulk of cream is no guide for anything, so much depends upon the quality of the milk, the method of separation, the time occupied in doing it, the temperature at which the cream is raised, the amount of milk taken with the cream in skimming, the condition of the cow, the quality of the feed, the length of time from calving and the individual characteristics of the cow. If the cow is in poor flesh and half-starved the butter globules are poor in fat. On the contrary, if the cow is in good condition and abundantly fed with good nutritious food the globules will be rich in fat and fine-flavored.

IF the pigs are on clover they will need no food except at night, and although they may not fatten very fast, they will grow rapidly. The night's meal, however, should be complete, and should be composed of ground oats, four parts (by weight); cornmeal, one part; middlings, three parts; bran, two parts; linseed meal, one part, with a little salt. Feed it as slop, with skim milk, and if milk is not procurable scald the mixture, and give each pig all it can eat.

To a correspondent who complains of his apple trees blossoming, but not bearing, *Orchard and Garden* suggests that he throw a few pails full of boiling hot washing suds against the trunk of the tree. This liquid, running down and soaking into the ground among the roots, not only kills infurious insects and prevents the borer but also feeds the tree and stimulates it to renewed action. Lose no time in applying the remedy, and the tree may be saved.

MR. J. S. WOODWARD, of Lockport, N. Y., says he has discovered from this winter's experience that milch cows need little or no exercise during cold weather, if provided with warm quarters. He proved this to his own satisfaction by turning out thirty of his cows to drink and exercise in cold weather while the remaining twenty-six were allowed to stay in the stable, and he finds that the cows kept in the stable gave the most milk.

THE importance of lime as a plant food, to be supplied by its use as a fertilizer, may be perceived by the following figures: In twenty-five bushels of oats there are nine pounds of lime; in thirty-eight bushels of barley, nine pounds; in two tons of clover hay, thirty-five pounds; in twenty-five tons of turnips, 140 pounds; in 250 bushels of potatoes, 270 pounds.

CHARCOAL is appreciated by fowls of all kinds. The very best is found in charred grain. Corn roasted like coffee and fed once a day, would no doubt pay for the trouble in the increased product of eggs. In fattening the process is much hastened by its use, and we think the meat much more palatable. There are many epicures who would willingly pay a larger price for poultry fattened by the use of charred corn.

RANK-flavored foods make rank-flavored meat. Whatever you give your hogs—and they are expected to devour all kinds of refuse—be sure it is clean and not putrid. The finishing off when fattening, should be with the sweetest and nicest feed that is ever given to hogs. Corn meal and the refuse of the dairy are good. Good, sweet, wholesome pork is the product of cleanliness and sound, clean feed.

A GOOD animal should be a heavy feeder. It has often been considered an advantage that an animal eat but little, but just the opposite should be desired. It takes a liberal supply of food and a good appetite to derive the greatest amount of product.

ALTHOUGH flat turnips are mostly water, there is nutriment enough to make them an important addition to food for cattle and sheep, and it is therefore desirable that in a season of scarcity they be raised to the full extent of opportunity.

The Lumber World says that oiling wood with linseed oil, or even with coal oil or kerosene, will protect it from worms.

Two ancient beverages are being introduced into Great Britain on account of their supposed medicinal virtue. Palm wine, or lakmi, is made from the sap of the date palm. Trees in full vigor are selected for tapping. The juice escaping from the wound is conducted by a reed into an earthenware pot, and may amount to nearly two gallons daily at first, gradually sinking to about half that quantity toward the end of the tapping, which is seldom allowed to exceed a month. Much of the "wine" is drunk fresh, when it resembles sparkling cider, but becomes insipid after losing its carbonic acid. Its color is opalescent and milky. After undergoing alcoholic fermentation it contains 4.38 per cent. of alcohol, .22 carbonic acid, and 5.60 of mannite. The Moors make extensive use of a spirit prepared from the water in which comb is boiled in treating beeswax. This water, being impregnated with honey, is allowed to ferment, and is then distilled; the spirit is called maharga. It is flavored with anise-seed or with naffa—that is, fennel acid.

Fresh animal excrement is not food for plants. If diluted with water and poured about their roots it will often for a time do more harm than good. In fact, very strong urine will usually kill any plant to which it is applied, especially if an annual. Its effect is to rot and burn the roots rather than to feed them. When fermented with other fertilizing matter this acid condition is changed and the compost becomes intensely active in stimulating growth. In applying large amounts of stable manure per acre some fermentation goes on in the soil before the roots reach the manure.

A physician says that a great deal of what passes for heart disease is only mild dyspepsia, that nervousness is commonly bad temper, and that two-thirds of the so-called malaria is nothing but laziness. Imagination, he says, is responsible for a multitude of ills, and he gives as an instance the case of a clergyman, who, after preaching a sermon, would take a teaspoonful of sweetened water, and doze off like a babe, under the impression that it was a *bona fide* sedative.

In the Botanical Garden at Berlin flowers, fruits and other parts of plants are preserved by keeping them for a time in a saturated solution of alcohol and salicylic acid (reduced by four times its bulk of water), and then removing and drying them. It is said that vegetable matter treated in this way preserves its natural appearance, and never turns black. The plan is considered particularly valuable for orchids and other succulent plants.

Printed matter may be copied on any paper of an absorbent nature by dampening the surface with a weak solution of acetate of iron and pressing in an ordinary copying press. Old writing may also be copied on unsized paper, if wet with a weak solution of sulphate of iron, mixed with a small solution of sugar syrup

FIRST BANKER—"Do you know Jenks?"

Second banker—"I met him the other day for the first time."

First banker—"What sort of a fellow is he? How did he strike you?"

Second banker—"He struck me for five dollars.

WHISKISOKE—"By Jove! that trapeze act was wonderful! It fairly takes my breath away to think of it."

Fogg (who does not appreciate the smell of bad whiskey)—"Say, old man, just think of it to oblige me, will you?"

GUIBOLLARD is rich, but stingy. His servant said to him.

"The postman has brought Monsieur a calendar for the new year, and begged Monsieur not to forget him. What shall I give him?"

"Oh! give him last year's back again!"

YOUNG LADY (to turnkey)—"Can I take these flowers in to the prisoners, sir?"

Turnkey—"Yes, mem; the thieves an' pickpockets will be glad to get 'em. They dotes on flowers. But there ain't no murderers in now, mem. The last one was pardoned out yesterday.

Young Lady—"Oh, I'm so sorry."

Travelers arriving in New York City, tired hungry and dusty, will find the Grand Union Hotel, immediately opposite the Grand Central Depot, an excellent stopping place. It is conducted on the European Plan, and for $1 00 a day an excellent room can be had. The Restaurant is fine and the prices moderate. Baggage is taken to and from the Grand Central Depot without charge.

Inquisitive people are the funerals of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

If you are suffering from Chronic Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, or Loss of Voice, Dr. Kilmer's Indian Cough Cure (*Consumption Oil*) will relieve quickly—remove the cause and cure. Price 25c., 50c. and $1.00.

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance, do as manifestly kill themselves, as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease is better and cheaper than any other, at double the price. Ask your dealer for it, and take no other.

In order to deserve a true friend you must first learn to be one.

PREVENT crooked boots and blistered heels by wearing Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

Obstacles are but the rungs that form the ladder of success.

The best cough medicine is Piso's cure for consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

General poverty is a pitiable thing, but it is less pitiable than genteel slovenliness. The shabby individual is a more respectable figure in life than the slatternly one. It is no crime to be out of fashion, but it is an offense against decency to be stylish and dirty.

"I DON'T want to buy your hotel," the usual man said, in quite the usual way, when he was told that board was $5 a day at a dull seaside resort in New Jersey. "Oh, no; I understand," said the proprietor sadly. "If I had thought you had wanted the hotel for the rest of the season I would have offered you $5 a day gladly and thrown the hotel in, debts wages, and all.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Contentment is a good thing until it reaches the point where it sits in the shade and lets the weeds grow.

Twenty-four Hours to Live.

From John Kuhn, Lafayette, Ind., who announces that he is now in "perfect health," we have the following: "One year ago I was, to all appearance, in the last stages of Consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours. My friend then purchased a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, which benefited me. I continued until I took nine bottles. I am now in perfect health, having used no other medicine."

It is the easiest business in the world to do a thing. The learning how is where the difficulty exists.

A soft silky texture is a most desirable feature to any head of hair and Carboline, the only natural hair producer made from petroleum unrefined, will impart this characteristic loveliness to the most unruly locks. Try it.

"TEN cents, sir!"

"W-what for?"

"For that sandwich you have just eaten."

"Why, but excuse me, my dear fellow—indeed sir, I can't pay you for that. I am surprised that you should request it. It would be a very great wrong for me to pay you for that sandwich!"

"You rascal you, what do you mean! what excuse can you offer for cheating me out of my money in this fashion? Perhaps you can tell me why it would wrong be to pay an honest restaurant keeper 10 cents for one of his best sandwiches?"

"It would be a gross injustice to my other creditors, sir. My liabilities are enormous, and my assets are scarcely nothing. I am owing $60,000 to different individuals and corporations. After I pay my old bills I shall be very happy to settle for that sandwich. Come now, don't be stuffy; you will get your money all right in 8 or 10 years. Good-day, sir."

JUDGE PENNYBUNKER, an old bachelor, who has a decided aversion to children, during a visit to the Fizzletop family took little Johnny on his knee and fondled him.

"Formerly I didn't take much stock in children, but now I like to see little children grow up this way. It cheers me up," remarked Pennybunker.

"But why does it cheer you up more now than formerly?" asked Mrs. Fizzletop.

"Last week I bought some stock in the Sixth Avenue Railroad Company, and after a child has reached its fourth year it has to pay full fare. How I love to see the little dears growing up to be useful men and women," and once more the old wretch fondled Johnny.

So after the S——'s first baby was born, Mrs. S—— went up stairs one evening and entered the room where her darling lay asleep. There she found her husband standing by the side of the crib, and gazing earnestly at the child. As she stood still for a moment, touched by the sight, the tears filled her eyes, and she thought:

"Oh, how dearly Charlie loves that boy!"

Imagine the shock to her feelings when he suddenly turned towards her, and exclaimed:

"My dear, it is incomprehensible to me how they can get up such a crib as that for two dollars and a half!"

"Is the lady of the house in?" he asked, as he stood on the steps of a residence in Cass Avenue the other morning. "Which lady of the house?" asked the girl who answered the ring. "Why, are there two?" "Sartin, sah. If you want de white lady, she am out. If you has bizzeness wid de cull'd lady, purceed to dewelop."

The purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the seashore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co. New York.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

There is a good deal of religion that is like a morning cloud—as soon as the sun gets hot it disappears.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is made only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. It is prepared with the greatest skill and care, under the direction of the men who originated it. Hence Hood's Sarsaparilla may be depended upon as strictly pure, honest, and reliable.

Were we as eloquent as angels, we should please some more by listening than by talking.

FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $2 trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The more able a man is, if he makes ill use of his abilities, the more dangerous he is to the community.

ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILLS.

WARRANTED PURELY VEGETABLE. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Liver Regulator, they have no equal. No Family should be without a box of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address, P. NEUSTAEDTER & CO., 62 Mercer St., New York.

"WON'T you go up, dear, and get my goats off the bureau?"

"Your goats?" queried Jones; "what new-fangled thing's that?"

"I'll show you," remarked the wife, and she sailed up-stairs and down again with a pair of kids in her hands. "There they are," said she.

"Why, I call those kid," said the surprised husband.

"Oh, do you?" snapped the wife. "So did I once, but they are so old now I'm ashamed to call them anything but goats." Jones took the hint.

BROTHER GEORGE—"Girls did you hear what a sad thing happened to Fred Jones yesterday?"

Girls (in alarm)—"No! What is it?"

Brother G.—"The poor fellow had to have his arm taken off."

Girls—"Oh! how terrible! How did it happen?"

Brother G.—"Well it happened on the tennis ground. He was sitting by Miss Smith; they were then alone, when suddenly he put his arm around her."

Girls—"Well, go on. What then? What happened?"

Brother G.—"Well, it was then it had to be taken off."

"I DON'T think so much stress should be laid on the fact that Cutting is obliged to subsist on 8½ cents a day while in jail at Paso del Norte," said the Snake Editor.

"Why?" asked the Horse Editor.

"He is used to circumstances like that."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why he has been editor of a country paper some time."

"LOOK at that fat fellow," remarked a man, addressing an old gentleman who stood near him. "He's so fat that he must be a burden to himself."

"I don't think that he is," the old gentleman rejoined. "Upon the contrary I think that he is a burden to me."

"A burden to you? How so, sir?"

"He married my daughter."

The color produced by Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, is permanent and natural.

To promote digestion, to keep the body healthy and the mind clear, take Ayer's Pills

FOUR HUNTERS (who have just fired simultaneously at a rabbit and failed to hit it)—"Well, I wonder who missed that time."

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark

—THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidney and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It **enriches and purifies the blood,** stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For **Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy,** etc., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

DR. KILMER'S INDIAN COUGH-CURE CONSUMPTION OIL .25¢ SAVES YOUR LIFE.

Stop that Cold, Cough, and Tickling in the Throat. **Arrest** that Catarrh, Bronchitis or Asthma. **This** Remedy relieves quickly. **Cures** permanently. **It** prevents Decline, Night-Sweats and death from **Consumption.** ☞ Prepared at DR. KILMER'S DISPENSARY, Binghamton, N. Y. Letters of inquiry answered. Guide to Health (Sent Free). **Sold by Druggists.**

PIANOS A STEP IN ADVANCE OF ALL OTHERS. BETTER INSTRUMENTS. LOWER PRICES. EASIER TERMS A New Plan. BEST YET. A $400 PIANO FOR $250 ORGANS $1 A WEEK. $2 A WEEK. WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS TO BEIN BROS. & CO. NEWARK, N. J.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Strictures. Prepared only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

It has taken the lead in the sales of that class of remedies, and has given almost universal satisfaction. MURPHY BROS., Paris, Tex

It has won the favor of the public and now ranks among the leading Medicines of the oldens. A. L. SMITH, Bradfo. I. Pa. Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventors' Guide. L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 25 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

RUPTURE QUICKLY CURED by FRINE'S RUPTURE REMEDY. Explanation and testimonials free. Address O. FRINE, 163 Broadway, N. Y.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE BEST IN THE WORLD ☞ Get the Genuine. Sold Everywhere.

That Tired Feeling

The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life and strength to all the functions of the body.

"I could not sleep; had no appetite. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling; and my appetite improved." R. A. SANFORD, Kent, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

NO LADY IS REALLY BEAUTIFUL Without a Clear, White Complexion

The Great American Lotion for Beautifying the Complexion and Healing the Skin.

To a large extent conceals the evidence of age. A few applications will make the skin beautifully soft, smooth, and white. It is not a paint or powder that will fill up the pores of the skin and by so doing create disease of the skin, such as Pimples, etc., but is a perfectly clear liquid: a valuable discovery that causes the cheek to glow with health, and rivals the lily in whiteness. It is impossible to detect in the beauty it confers. It cures Oily Skin, Pimples, Freckles, Face Grubs, Black Heads, Blotches, Sunburn, Chapped Hands and Face, Barber's Itch, etc. It frees the pores, oil glands, and tubes of the skin from the injurious effects of powders and cosmetic washes containing sediment, while it beautifies the skin, giving it that healthy, natural and youthful appearance which it is impossible to obtain by any other means. It is conceded by connoisseurs in the art to be the best and safest beautifier the world ever produced.

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Send for Circulars, with Testimonials and Beautiful Picture, free.

W. M. SCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PENSIONS to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Attv., Washington, D. C.

34 487

Pimples, Blotches, Scaly or Oily Skin, Blemishes and all Skin Diseases Cured and Complexion Beautified by

Beeson's Aromatic Alum Sulphur Soap.

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents by WM. DREYDOPPEL, Manufacturer, 208 North Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER

Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

Blair's Pills Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, $1.00; round, 50 cts.

FITS STOPPED FREE. Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nervous Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Address BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER, Holly, Mich.

No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes.

Celebrated 'ECLIPSE' HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, cannot be slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price List. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

The Greatest Curiosity in Nature.

The Mexican Resurrection Plant, apparently dead, when placed in water soon comes to life, showing all the tints of the rainbow. $2 to $4 per day easily made, as it sells to four out of five persons at sight. Send 25c. for 3, or 50c. for 7 samples (sell for 25c. each). Low prices by the 100 and 1,000. A year's subscription to one of six papers given to first 50c. order from each county and to first order mentioning this paper.

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THE STRICKEN CITY.

Another Severe Shock Added to the Consternation.

TERROR REIGNS SUPREME.

The People Singing and Praying in the Streets,

Of the Buildings that Were Left Standing, Many will Have to be Condemned and Pulled Down—A Day of Gloom. Confidence Somewhat Restored—Help Asked From the Government—The Death List Increased.

CHARLESTON, Sept. 4.—At precisely 11:01 o'clock last night, while workingmen were clearing away the ruins of the great earthquake, the people of this city were again thrown into the wildest excitement by another shock. It came like a clap of thunder, with a rapid succession of explosions, and shook the city from one end to the other. People rushed pell mell from their houses, and, as if by magic, the streets were filled with terrified and shrieking people.

For an instant it seemed as if the buildings already so badly cracked and wrenched must certainly come down. The shock, however, lasted less than a minute, and, as it was not followed by others, but few remnants of already shattered buildings fell, although many sound ones were badly shaken.

The worst effects were noticed at the Charleston hotel, where a fresh shower of bricks fell from the cornice of the portico to the sidewalk, frightening the guests of the hotel and the people in the street before it, happily injuring no one. The moral effect of this shock, however, is disastrous, for the people, worn out with constant vigil for three nights and days, who had returned to their shattered houses in the hope of getting at least one good night's rest are now in the streets and gardens again, waiting in trepidation and momentary expectation of worse to come. Not one person of these thousands can be induced to go indoors again just now. The effect of this renewed anxiety is appalling, and men look at each other with an expression akin to despair. A few days of this sort of thing, even if it be attended with no additional loss of life, will render these people utterly hopeless. Two buildings fell down, and one white woman was killed.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.—At about 11 o'clock last night another shock of earthquake was felt all along the southern Atlantic coast. It was not attended by any damage, so far as can be learned, but it was strong enough to cause a stampede from their instruments of the telegraph operators in Charleston, Augusta and Columbia and other places. They soon returned, however, and resumed business. The shake was felt from Jacksonville to Washington. It was plainly perceptible in Washington, but not so strongly as on Tuesday night.

RALEIGH, N. C., Sept. 4.—At 11:02 p. m. a well defined shock of earthquake was felt here. It was preceded by a light, rumbling noise. The oscillation of buildings was marked on the upper floors.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Sept. 4.—At 10:40 p. m. another shock was distinctly felt. The streets are again filled with people.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Sept. 4.—Another distinct but not severe earthquake shock was felt here at 11 p. m. Much alarm was created, and many people rushed from their houses to the streets.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 4.—At 10:02 p. m. a distinct shock of earthquake was felt here, lasting five seconds. It caused great excitement.

SAVANNAH, Sept. 3.—Savannah has again been thoroughly terrified by an earthquake shock, exceeding in severity all felt here except the first one Tuesday. It occurred at 11:01 o'clock, standard time, and shook buildings so severely that their occupants quickly fled into the streets and refused to re-enter them. Improvised tents and other arrangements for spending the night in the squares were made. Many ladies are hysterical, and serious results are feared. At the Pulaski house a guest was barely prevented from leaping from a window, chimneys previously damaged were further injured, and additional plastering fell, but no more serious damage to property is yet reported. The newspaper and telegraph offices are surrounded by excited crowds. Augusta and other small towns felt this shock severely.

BEFORE THE LAST SHOCK.

The City as Seen by the Visiting Journalists.

CHARLESON, Sept. 4.—A row of turkey buzzards, the popular street scavengers of this section, sat upon a horse rack opposite Central market, in Meeting street, near the business part of the city, watching the laggard traders at sunrise yesterday morning. When the scene grew active, an hour later, these favored birds dropped off their perch and strolled with the buyers through the market. Not more than one stall in ten was occupied. The purchasers were few. A weary, haggard look overspread every face, telling of distress. As far as the eye could reach, in every direction, there were tents and blankets stretched, underneath which the inhabitants, driven from their homes through fear of a revisitation of the earthquakes, had spent the night. Not many eyes closed in restful sleep during the darkness. The arrivals on the late trains retired at the three or four inhabitable huts with trembling, or sat up in chairs on the sidewalks, ready to flee from danger at the slightest warning. All day there has been a busy hum, the populace working with a vim to clear away enough of the ruins to ascertain their true condition, and with the work some confidence has returned. A very few people had

SLEPT INDOORS.

Those who found their houses staunch enough to shelter them safely moved indoors.

Investigation has revealed the fact that the first reports of destruction were not exaggerated. The buildings of Charleston, taken as a mass, are wrecked. Only a few of the new and modern brick, and the most substantial wooden ones, are fit or safe for habitation. Great fissures and cracks mark all the outer or inner walls. Scarcely a sound piece of plate glass can be found in the city. Many of the panes have holes in the center, as if penetrated by musket balls. In some portions of the city—particularly about the Battery, where most damage was sustained—scarcely a chimney can be found on the handsome residences. Nearly all of the brick houses here are covered with stucco, and are marked to resemble stone. The wrenching process of the earthquakes peeled off this stucco, and heaped it up on the sidewalks, spread it over the shade trees, and carried it through the air to every portion of the city. In some instance, whole roofs were

DUMPED INTO STREETS.

In portions of the city all railways are blockaded by roofs, stucco and chimneys. One of the most convincing proofs of the supernatural power of the shocks can be seen at the marble works, on Meeting street, near Broad. Firm granite monuments and marble shafts, some of them two feet thick, and not a dozen feet high, were broken in twain and one lay in atoms on the ground. The older brick buildings were constructed of a very inferior material it seems. The bricks were so rough and small as to make the stucco surface highly desirable, and instead of locking or lapping them as is done now, and especially in the north, they were laid in even rows, furnishing no interlocking or bracing power. Quite a large number of business houses stand in canopy shape. The end walls have fallen leaving the roofs suspended over the sidewalls. These of course will have to be condemned by a commission of the city council and ordered taken down. For a while it was believed a request would have to be made to have the governor convene the legislature in special session, for the purpose of giving the city council sufficient authority to condemn dangerous buildings, but later it was determined that sufficient authority was already contained in the statutes. Pressure will be brought to bear on the officers who are designated so condemn buildings to spare as many as can be saved by repairs. Merchants inform The United Press reporters that but few of the buildings condemned will be replaced by new ones. There will be many repairs, however. It is proposed.

TO LINK THE WALLS TOGETHER

By bolts, and as most of the buildings have but two stories, and very few have more than three, the fractured walls can be made to stand provided this is the last of the earthquake business. Telegrams have poured in from northern and southern cities to the mayor and prominent citizens, tendering assistance, and acceptances have been made. A delegation of citizens has arrived from Wilmington with $1,000 and a promise for an additional $2,000, and instructions to ascertain what more should be done by that city. The money was placed to the benefit of needy families, in sums of $10, $15, or $30, through religious and other societies.

Distressing scenes have been witnessed all along the railroads leading into Charleston during the last twenty-four hours. Many of the best-to-do citizens were in the north at the time of the shocks spending the heated term. Being unable to receive any definite information as to the extent of loss of life or property they started to return. At every stop of the train they rushed into the telegraph offices, called for or sent messages, and gave the people along the way a tinge of the excitement. They could learn nothing. Telegrams banked up in the offices here and were not delivered. In many instances the messages were not sent. As the returning citizens neared Charleston they learned less and less of the true condition of affairs, and their

SUSPENSE BECAME AGONIZING.

They could not sleep, and paced the floors of the coaches wringing their hands and evincing painful alarm. Even the outgoing passengers, who were hailed by those incoming, could give no accurate or useful information. Only the most courageous of the citizens returned to the city. Many stopped at suburban places, and opened up unsatisfactory communication by telephone or telegraph. Up to yesterday it was with difficulty that the railroads could run trains into the city, owing to the fact that employes, and especially the colored ones, feared to enter the city. An old colored porter when informed at one of the cities above Charleston that he had been ordered out on a run, turn pallid with fear, and stammered to his superintendent, "S'cuse me capting, but I doan want to go to Charleston." When informed that he must, he took off his cap, laid it down, and bowing with deference said: "Then I resines, sah; I doan go down thar to be killed by the quakes, sah." Huddled about in one of the parks were a lot of colored men and women in the afternoon discussing the future. When asked if he knew what caused the earthquake, one of the brightest of the crowd turned his eyes and said: "Its the handiwork of the Lord. We are not to know whence it cometh, or whither it goeth." Professor W. J. McGee, of the United States geological survey, has arrived from Washington. "I come," said he to a United Press reporter, "to ascertain the origin of the earthquake. The effect of it is of little moment to science. The origin is of great interest to the entire scientific world. People want to know the conditions of the earth under which earthquakes occur. It seems to be a settling of the earth."

"What do you think, professor, of the statement that there was an atmospheric disturbance at the time of the first shock?" was asked.

"I take no stock in such a report," was the quick reply. "It was imagination. Of course, there would naturally be a great deal of smoke and dust in such a commotion as that created by the earthquake, and the terrific shaking would produce a sensation which would very naturally be taken for atmospheric affection."

"How do you account for the absence of a tidal wave?"

"By the fact that the movement was from west to east, thus carrying the wave out to sea. Had the movement been in an opposite direction, there would doubtless have been a heavy tidal wave to land. As it was, there was nothing to come on shore but the rebound or relapse of the outward tidal wave. This rebound was caught by the broad shoals for over 100 miles along the Atlantic. In this region there is 'shoal' land half a mile in width. This would break a tremendous tidal wave, but hardly as heavy as the one which went to sea when the heaviest shock came on Tuesday night. Tidal waves are likely to come at any time in this region from this settling of the earth, and there is

DANGER OF SUBMERSION.

In New Jersey whole forests have been sunk beneath the water along the coast and small trees are growing beneath at this time."

Professor McGee, as well as local scientists, discredit all statements about atmospheric pressure of any character and boiling water or sulphuric discoveries at points where fissures appear in the earth. It was even reported that at one place in the city hot water had gushed from the ground, scalding people who were compelled to rush through it. There is but one theory advanced by scientists as to the cause of the earthquake and that is that it is due to some kind of settlement in the earth. There were no upheavals. At all the places where surface indications of trouble are visible the earth is sunken for several miles. Immediately outside of the city this sinking was so positive that the railroad tracks were thrown out of level, and section hands have been at work putting in new railroad ties, raising old ones and reballasting the road. In a number of instances culverts and bridges were thrown out of place and had to be repaired.

At a special meeting of the city council yesterday the mayor and aldermen were constituted a committee to investigate the condition of buildings in their respective wards and to order any unsafe walls or buildings to be taken down. It is estimated that

OVER 500 BUILDINGS

will be condemned. A prominent real estate agent says that while some of the wooden buildings are habitable under fair circumstances most of them are badly wrecked, and that there is scarcely a safe brick building in the city. The same gentleman estimates the loss and damage of real and personal property in the city at from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000.

Yesterday morning the patients were all moved from the city hospital to the Agricultural hall, where they are being made as comfortable as possible. No more deaths or new cases were reported at the hospital during the day. There are now in the hospital 119 patients, 100 of whom are those suffering from injuries sustained Tuesday night. About half of them were bruised by falling buildings and the others are prostrated by the excitement. The bulk of the earthquake sufferers are being cared for at their homes. There is considerable sickness among children, resulting from exposure and sleeping out at night.

"EARTHQUAKIANA"

is the name suggested for a little one brought into the world a few hours before the great upheaval. Mother and child, it may be said, are doing well, notwithstanding the fact that they are quartered in Washington square. The police are quartered in the main station stables, and have purchased a gross of new halters with which to secure prisoners.

A gentleman advances the theory that there is a burning marl bed under the disturbed portions of the city, and that its bursting out was the cause of this calamitous trouble.

There are citizens here who claim that they felt two distinct thunderings of earthquake during yesterday evening, but most people believe such imaginary. At Summerville, twenty-one miles south, it is ascertained there were rumblings of unmistakable earthquake a number of times during the day. Everybody has fled from the town except the station agent and telegraph operator, and the inhabitants of the surrounding country are terrorized. The reports from Summerville do not have a salutary influence in Charleston. On the contrary, they are renewing the agitation and increasing the fear.

Printers, telegraph operators and others who are asked to work in the larger buildings comply reluctantly, if they do not positively refuse. Under the present pressure telegraph service is unstable, and liable to suspension at any moment, although the Southern Telegraph company is working heroically to keep moving. Manager M. S. Harris has been working an instrument almost continually since the reign of terror began.

Charleston's People Gritty.

William A. Courtney, mayor of Charleston, S. C., who has arrived on the Etruria, was questioned as to his plans for the relief of the wrecked city. He said: "How to meet the exigencies of the hour is something that I am not prepared to say. I see that some of the newspaper correspondents denounce the city government as weak and inefficient. What can be done in a disaster like this? The city government has it's hands full, and it takes time to right such a catastrophe. In a few days, however, order will be restored, for the people are gritty and will do all that can be done to get upon their feet again." Mr. Courtney's first intimation of the Charleston disaster was received from the pilot who boarded the steamer with papers and mails on Saturday night.

Mayor Courtney left for Washington. He received telegrams here informing him that his wife and children were camping out in a tent, their handsome house being ruined. Mr. W. Fatman and Mr. H. W. Frost, prominent merchants of Charleston, also arrived on the Etruria and received news of the loss to their property.

MR. FOLSOM'S EXPERIENCE.

He Says the Atmosphere was Breathless and the Sky Lurid.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.—Mr. Thomas H. Folsom, of Baltimore, who experienced the earthquake while a guest of the Charleston hotel, has arrived in this city to-day. In detailing the occurrence of the eventful period he said that the evening of the earthquake was remarkable for a breathless atmosphere and lurid sky. The depressing atmospheric conditions led him to retire to his room at an early hour, and just after reaching it he felt a startling sensation as if the hotel was being raised from the ground and swayed in the air. The lights were instantly extinguished and plaster began to fall. In total darkness he groped his way down stairs amid falling plaster and while the whole building swayed and trembled. An unearthly din and moaning sound came from the surrounding streets, mingled with the crash of falling walls and timbers. Escaping from the house amid falling bricks he took refuge in a park, where hundreds of people in an agony of fright awaited the coming of daylight, and experienced the successive shocks. He does not believe that a single building in Charleston escaped injury.

WAS IT A LANDSLIDE?

What the Scientists Think Caused the Earthquake.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—Maj. Powell, chief of the geological survey, speaking of Professor McGee's "displacement" theory to account for the earthquake at Charleston, says: "That is simply a theory which has no scientific value at this time. I am surprised that Professor McGee should have published such a theory, but I am glad that he states it merely as an idea. This is not the time to theorize. The people down there are in a state of excitement, and will accept almost any explanation. This one should not have been promulgated by a scientist at the present time because it is valueless. There may be some basis of truth in it, however, which further inquiry will develop." Maj. Powell thinks there is nothing to show volcanic action in the Charleston quake.

He doubts whether there is any truth in the stories about the streams of hot water bubbling up through the fissures of the earth. To some he says the throwing up of blue and yellow mud and the presence of sulphurous smells would be evidence enough of the volcanic origin of the earthquake, but it does not necessarily follow. The mud might easily enough have been thrown up by the contractions or expansions of the earth under the influences of the "seaward slip" described by Professor McGee, as all along the coast from Richmond through North and South Carolina the waters beneath the surface are strongly impregnated with sulphur. Another scientist connected with the survey thinks there may have been a "slide" at Charleston, but such a supposition would not account for all the effects which are said to have been produced.

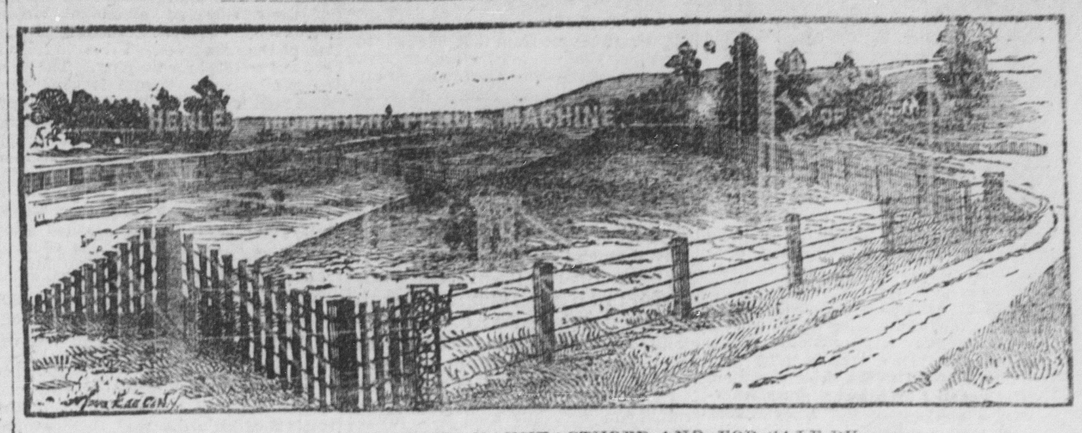
The descent of the land to the bottom of the sea is much more sudden at Cape Hatteras than at Charleston, and the slide, he thinks, would therefore have been more likely to have occurred at that point than where Prof. McGee places it.

The sacred concert here last night at Herzog's Opera House, for the benefit of the Charleston sufferers, was a gratifying success in every sense. The programme was excellent, the performance fine, the house was crowded, and the receipts—more than $1,000—were forwarded to Mayor Huger to-day. The police of the city in their round Friday and Saturday sold nearly 1,600 tickets. Many people purchased who could not or did not attend.

Howells Will Not Come.

BOSTON, Sept. 6.—Harry G. Corey has received a cable dispatch stating that Howells, the professional bicyclist, is not coming to America.

THE LITTLE GIANT



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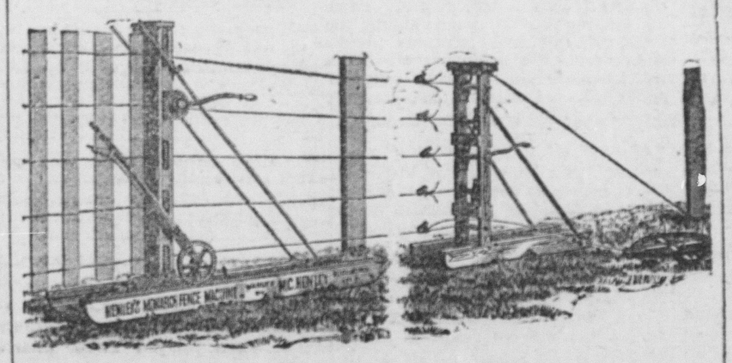

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PRICE $1.00 A BOTTLE. SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.00. On receipt of $5.00 by the manufacturers, SAMUEL E. KELLER & Co Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent express paid.

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IT IS A FACT—That no matter how severe your Rheumatism or how long you have suffered, you can get relief, and what's more, get it permanently—"for keeps," as the boys tersely put it.

IT IS A FACT—That thousands have had their gold everlasting, and now rejoice in perfect health. We can show you the testimonials of many such.

IT IS A FACT—That the

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

does the business and has done it successfully every time it has been tried according to directions.

IT IS A FACT—That this remedy, though comparatively new in our country, has been used very many years in some parts of Europe and with wonderful success.

IT IS A FACT—That the Russian Rheumatism Cure has the endorsement of eminent European physicians and Government sanitary commissions, without which it could not be publicly sold in some of those countries.

IT IS A FACT—That HENRY M. FRANK of Frank Bros. & Co. 51 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, suffered for years with Rheumatism in the arms and shoulders. He says: I tried everything, but nothing helped until I bought the R. R. Cure. "It cured me completely and very quickly."

Descriptive pamphlet, with testimonials, free.

Price $2.50. If mailed, 10c. additional. If registered, 10c. more.

As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the amount as above, and addressing the American proprietors.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

THE LABOR INTERESTS FOR BRENNAN.

There are many signs that the Democratic State candidates are acceptable to the conservative labor interests of Pennsylvania. In the last number of the *Labor Tribune*, published in Pittsburg by Thos. A. Armstrong, the Labor candidate for governor in 1882, the Democratic State platform is commended for its "emphatic declarations in favor of the enforcement of the corporation articles of the constitution."

The same journal also speaks of Chauncy F. Black as being "well known as a citizen whose public utterances have been strongly in this direction."

In its department of "Coal Matters" the *Tribune* says:

"The nomination of William J. Brennen for auditor general of this State, by the Democratic convention last week, was a meritorious act, and one which we believe the miners of the State will not forget to reciprocate. It would seem to us as if such auspicious omens ought to cheer us on to make a manly effort to have him elected. Mr. Brennan has always been a true friend of the miners, and if they can be instrumental in having him elected they will wield a power in politics they have never had before—a power which the miners in this State badly need. They have been deprived of rights they never would have been deprived of had they concerted their forces upon their friends."

Although the Democratic ticket starts in Black at the top and finally gets to Africa, yet it is such a white man's ticket that any Black man or colored man can vote for it.

Ex-Senator John Stewart, the head of the Independent ticke of 1882, is quoted, by the Pittsburg Dispatch, as saying of the Prohibition movement: "They have mustered in unprecedented numbers and with remarkable enthusiasm. They have a candidate who fights best against heavy odds, an organization such as they have never had before, and a money backing equal to all their needs for an aggressive campaign, such as they mean to make. I can tell you that it has drawn into it this year men who have never stepped outside of their party lines before, in any campaign within my recollection. There are few men, and there have been few, to whom the State of Pennsylvania owes as it does to Charles S. Wolfe. No man's public life is better known, and no man's sincerity, earnestness and integrity of purpose, in public and private life, have been more clearly established. Pennsylvania is the last place where Mr. Wolfe should be required to repel a personal assault."

Harrisburg iron puddlers are going to strike for $4 per day—an increase of 50 cents.

The result of the bitter contest at the Republican primaries held throughout Huntingdon county last Saturday, indicates that the Republican machine rule, which has held undisputed sway there for twenty-three years, has received its death-blow. The fight for delegates was between the bosses and the people, and the people won. Capt. J. G. Isenberg, the managers' idol for Sheriff, was overwhelmingly defeated by ex-Deputy Sheriff Thomas L. Oaks, who entered the contest on his own merits. Supplementary to this was the struggle of the bosses for delegates for their favorite candidates, Alex. Port and J. G. Boyer for the Legislature. These two went under in the popular uprising, to make way for Col. G. W. Owens and J. P. Giles, who carried thirty-three of the fifty-seven districts.

The Virginia tobacco crop is suffering for want of rain.

A *Dispatch* special from Harrisburg, bearing the sign manuel of the veracious and lively "St. Geo," says he has it on very reliable authority that Drexel, of the Philadelphia banking firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co, has given his check for $5000 to the Prohibition State Committee and $2000 for use in the local campaign in Philadelphia, and that J. D. McKee, formerly member of the Legislature with Wolfe, and Chairman of the Independent State Committee in '82, is to take command of the Prohibition fight in Philadelphia. He also says:

I met a Republican Congressman here this evening, who looked in on the convention for an hour or two on Thursday. "I wish I hadn't done it," he confessed. "I felt very good when I went in, and the convention was very interesting to look at; but I am going home with a very strong impression that we are going to be beaten this fall. We have trifled with these people long, and they have got mad, to stay. Just think of it! One hundred and thirty-eight preachers among the delegates, and forty more applauding in the gallery; and it is not four years since that all the preachers in the State were Republicans."

John Stewart, also interviewed by "St. Geo," gives Mr. Wolfe and the Prohibition movement a grand send-off, but declines to state on which side of the fence he will un'oad.

St. John is making a lively Prohibition fight in Maine against Blaine and the Republicans.

THE SCULLING RACES.

Hanlan Runs Away from Courtney Without Difficulty.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—The single scull match for a purse of $2,000, between Edward Hanlan and Charles E. Courtney, three miles with a turn, was decided yesterday afternoon on Jamaica bay, Long Island, and resulted in an easy victory for Hanlan. It was estimated that fully 15,000 people witnessed the contest. What little betting there was done was at the odds of $100 to $60 on Hanlan. Ex-Senator J. M. Oakley, of Long Island, was referee. Hanlan rowed in a cedar boat, 31 feet 11 1-2 inches in length, and weighing 29 1-2 pounds. Courtney rowed in a paper boat, 32 feet long, and weighing 30 pounds. Hanlan was the first to appear for the race. Courtney followed a few minutes later. Both were loudly applauded as they paddled to the starting point. After the course had been cleared of rowboats and other craft the contestants were ordered to get ready, Courtney being on the inside. When the referee gave the word "go" Hanlan was the first to catch the water and soon showed a few feet in front. After going about one-third of a mile Hanlan was leading by nearly a length. Up to this time Hanlan had been rowing thirty-one strokes to the minute and Courtney thirty. At the big hotel dock Hanlan held a two lengths' lead and turned the stake boat seven seconds ahead of his opponent. When fairly on the home stretch the race became simply a procession, Hanlan rowing in the easiest possible manner and leading by six lengths. When opposite the Seaside hotel Hanlan stopped rowing, and in response to the applause of the spectators raised is cap several times. He finally won the race by ten lengths. The winner's time was given out by the official time keeper as 19m. 22 1-4s.; Courtney 30 seconds later. Courtney said after the race that he was fairly beaten. Hanlan's backer will now challenge Beach to a single scull race on the Tyne, England, for a stake of $5,000 a side.

The time given for the race beats Hanlan's record against time by three-quarters of a second, and Gaudaur's record in a match by 31 3-4 seconds. Timekeeper M. F. Davis (Hanlan's boatbuilder) says he will make affidavit that he took the time correctly. Yet neither man seemed to exert himself greatly, and the race appeared to be a mere exhibition.

The Teemer-Beach Race.

LONDON, Sept. 2.—The weather was brilliant and the tide fast, with a light breeze, which scarcely rippled the water. The crowd was the largest that ever assembled on the banks of the Thames to witness a race. Both men made their appearance on the river in their boats punctually at the time announced, but the start was delayed owing to the numerous craft crowding the river. Teemer started off with thirty-six strokes to the minute, and was the quickest in starting. Beach rowing thirty-eight strokes almost instantly caught him and quickly forged ahead. At Duke's Head Beach led Teemer half a length, and at Walden's the former was two lengths ahead. Teemer here spurted, and with the utmost gameness endeavored to overtake his opponent but without avail. Beach without increasing his rate of strokes kept the advantage, leading four lengths at Hammersmith, where Teemer was rowing a hopeless stern race, but still pluckily doing his best. From Hammersmith Beach paddled home with consummate ease, winning the race by ten lengths. Prominent rowing authorities declare that Beach is the greatest sculler ever seen in England. He looked as though he could row ten miles at racing speed. The betting at the start was 2 to 1 on Beach, and was 20 to 1 on him at Hammersmith. Beach's time was 22m. 52s.

Belfast's Sunday Fight.

BELFAST, Sept. 6.—A mob attacked and severely beat four policemen at Ballymacarrett, a suburb of Belfast, yesterday. The policemen broke away from the crowd, and took refuge in a house. The mob followed them, and in their efforts to recapture the policemen completely wrecked the house. Fortunately for the policemen, the military arrived on the spot in season to rescue them and scatter the mob. Two of the leaders of the rioters were arrested. An Orange funeral was attacked by Catholics, and the procession severely stoned. The Orangemen broke ranks and retaliated upon the Catholics, seriously injuring several of them. The police quelled the disorder, and drove the Catholic party away.

Fishermen's Luck.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Sept. 6.—The schooner Peregrine, which has arrived from the Banks, reports the loss of four men on Aug. 23, who went astray while attending trawls. She brings home Charles Wilson, a wounded seaman of the schooner Augusta H. Johnson. The Peregrine lost her jibboom and she sustained other damage. The schooners Molly Adams and Belle A. Nauss have arrived. The Nauss brings a cargo of 450 barrels of mackerel and the Adams 670 barrels. The latter's cargo is the largest landed here this season.

They Sustain Each Other.

BOSTON, Sept. 6.—At a special meeting the Boston Clothing Cutters and Trimmers' union voted unanimously, to sustain the action taken by the cutters of New York, and that no member of the union should go to work in said city, nor cut any goods that may be sent from there, nor work for any manufacturer who may start the same in this city; also that a committee of three be appointed to draft suitable resolutions, and that a copy of the same be sent to the New York Clothing Cutters' union.

The Record.

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
Detroit.....	68	27	Boston.....	42	56
Chicago.....	70	24	St. Louis....	35	61
New York..	61	33	Kansas City.	24	67
Phila.....	55	35	Washington.	15	77

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
St. Louis....	74	36	Cincinnati...	53	54
Louisville...	68	40	Athletic.....	47	59
Pittsburg....	64	46	Baltimore...	35	71
Brooklyn...	59	49	Metropolitan	33	64

Ax Shot Himself

BALTIMORE, Sept. 6.—Charles Ax, aged 22 years, son of Mr. Christian Ax, of the well-known tobaccco manufacturing firm of Gail & Ax, was found dead in bed yesterday morning at his father's elegant residence, with a bullet-hole in his heart and a 38-calibre revolver clutched in his right hand.

No cause can be assigned for the deed and the victim left no word that would lead to its solution.

Nicolai Gives Bond.

CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—H. W. Nicolai, manager of the German department of the Standard Accident Insurance company, was arrested at his home in Lake View last night charged with embezzling $1,000 from the Western Accident Insurance company, where he was formerly employed. He gave bond in $2,000.

To Empty a Canal.

ST. CATHARINE'S, Ont., Sept. 4.—It is reported that the government intends to draw the water out of the Welland Canal. There is great excitement, as such action would result in throwing 2,000 men out of employment.

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(Near P. R. R. Depot.) mar17

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Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
Free Buss to and from all trains.
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FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM.
Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May 30, 1886.

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
" "	Montandon	5 35 a m
" "	Williamsport	7 10 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 55 a m
" "	Lock Haven	7 58 a m
" "	Renovo	9 25 a m
" arr at	Erie	5 15 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia	4 00 a m
" "	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	10 12 a m
" "	Williamsport	11 10 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven	12 10 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
" "	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
" "	Montandon	1 24 p m
" arr at	Williamsport	2 20 p m
" "	Lock Haven	3 45 p m
" "	Renovo	4 45 p m
" "	Kane	9 25 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 50 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
" "	Montandon	5 54 p m
" "	Williamsport	7 10 p m
" "	Lock Haven	8 02 p m
" arr at	Renovo	9 00 p m
	(Sunday Train.	
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	7 45 a m
" "	Montandon	9 37 a m
" "	Williamsport	10 40 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 13 a m
" "	arrives Renovo	12 30 p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 05 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 55 a m
" "	Williamsport	8 15 a m
" "	Montandon	9 15 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	11 20 a m
" "	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 25 a m
" "	Renovo	10 30 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
" "	Williamsport	12 25 p m
" "	Montandon	1 20 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
" "	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO ACM'N leaves	Renovo	3 00 p m
" "	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
" "	Williamsport	6 20 p m
" "	Montandon	7 25 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg	9 50 p m
" "	Philadelphia	4 40 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs Renovo only.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	2 45 p m
" "	Renovo	11 00 p m
" "	Lock Haven	11 58 p m
" "	Williamsport	1 25 a m
" "	Montandon	2 26 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia	8 25 a m

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with E. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.			STATIONS.	Eastward.		
P M	A M.	A.M.		A M	P.M.	P M
1 30	10 15	5 00	Montandon	9 00	1 15	5 00
1 45	10 25	6 00	Lewisburg	8 50	1 00	5 35
1 55		6 10	Biehl	8 40		5 25
2 08		6 22	Vicksburg	8 45		5 18
2 16		6 33	Millmburg	8 35		5 05
2 35		6 48	Millmont	8 18		4 48
2 43		6 56	Laurelton	8 12		4 42
3 45		7 49	Coburn	7 23		3 45
3 55		7 56	Zerby	7 15		3 39
4 18		8 19	Rising Spring	6 50		3 12
4 27		8 19	Penn Cave	6 56		2 59
4 40		8 27	Centre Hall	6 50		2 45
4 50		8 34	Gregg	6 45		2 32
5 04		8 45	Linden Hall	6 30		2 18
5 18		8 52	Oak Hall	6 20		2 06
5 20		8 58	Lemont	6 25		2 00
5 27		9 03	Lake Summit	6 20		1 52
5 43		9 14	Pleasant Gap	6 06		1 39
5 48		9 18	Axemann	6 00		1 25
5 56		9 26	Bellefonte	5 56		1 16
6 00						

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.05 p m and 7 50 p m.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—A small row boat was upset on Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, during a storm on the 21st. Robert T. Hulbert W. B. Jackson, Jr., and his hired man were drowned.

—Boyd C. Caldwell, cashier of the City National Bank of Williamsport, Penna., was on the 23d placed in jail in default of $20,000 bail, on the charge of embezzling, falsifying the books, etc.

—William H. Rutledge, an alleged professional confidence man, has been arrested at Cross Keys, Maryland, on the charge of impersonating a special examiner of the Pension Bureau, and thereby defrauding pensioners and applicants for pensions out of various sums of money.

—Frank Wood, of Milledgeville, Illinois, on the 23d, placed his arm around his wife's neck and shot her through the head. He then sent a bullet through his own brain, dying instantly. His wife lived about an hour. Jealousy was the cause.

—James A. McElbiney, 20 years old, after a day of dissipation, returned to his home in New York on the 23d, and cut and beat his mother so that she will likely die. His only reason for the dastardly attack was that his mother remonstrated with him for his idleness and drunkenness. He hurled a knife at her which struck her on the forehead, and then flung a plate which fractured her skull.

—The total loss to Texas, as far as now known, by the great gulf storm last week is estimated as follows: Human lives lost, 38; loss to crops, $1,000,000; loss to city and town property, $3,400,000; loss to shipping and harbor improvements, $900,000.

—The rear coach of a passenger train on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railroad jumped the track, near Lyons, on the 24th, and went down a ten-foot embankment. It was reported that a Mrs. Lockett, was killed, and about fifteen others more or less injured. On the morning of the 24th a freight and passenger train collided on the Michigan Central Railroad, six miles west of Battle Creek. Two porters were badly injured and a number of cars destroyed. Defective air brakes caused the accident. As a New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad train was running fifty miles an hour near Hiram station, Ohio, on the 24th, the locomotive jumped the track and plunged down the embankment. The coupling broke, and the remainder of the train kept the track. Engineer Richard Shane and his fireman escaped with few bruises.

—The recent storm proved very destructive to small villages off the Texas coast, and it will doubtless be months before the full list of casualties are known. Sloop Katie G. went to pieces off Pelican Island. The crew were saved. Lying near her, bottom up, is the sloop Elisa. Her crew of two men are supposed to be drowned. An unknown vessel is reported bottom up at Red Fish Bar. The schooner Lottie Mayo is reported ashore near Indianola. All hands are supposed to have been lost. The schooner Lake Austin is near her, but the crew of the latter were saved. All the small craft in the bay from the Shoal to Edwards Point are reported to have been lost. The village of Quinlana, at the mouth of the Brazos river, was entirely swept away, and the schooners Rosa Lee and Nettie were driven ashore. No lives were lost so far as is known. Indianola is a complete wreck, not more than three or four houses having escaped destruction. Beattie Meade, a negro woman, and two children, were drowned. Nearly all the sheep and cattle on the island were drowned, and the remainder will probably perish for want of food. Orders have been issued to remove the office of the collector of customs of the Saluria District from Indianola to Victoria, and the transfer will be made immediately.

—A despatch from San Antonio, Texas, says about five o'clock on the evening of the 24th a funnel shaped cloud made its appearance in the northwest and in a few seconds swept diagonally across the city. The storm lasted about fifty minutes and was accompanied by heavy hail the size of marbles. Among the buildings damaged were Adams' boarding house, Reaver's livery stables, Southern Hotel and the police headquarters, which had the roof torn off.

—Frank Rinehart, 42 years old, was run over and killed on the 24th, while shifting cars on the Eckhard Railroad, in Cumberland, Maryland. A despatch from Charleston, South Carolina, says E. E. Ludekens, of Aiken, and E. T. Shaw, of Charleston, were drowned while bathing at Sullivan's Island on the 24th.

—A despatch from Shanopin, Penna., says the Marks oil well, after being drilled twelve feet in the sand, started to flow at the rate of 2500 barrels a day. Shanopin is sixteen miles below Pittsburg, and this is said to be the largest well ever struck in the vicinity.

—A despatch from Calgarry, Manitoba, says the Edinonton stage was stopped by two masked men 18 miles from Calgarry. The men carried a carbine and two heavy revolvers each. The party descended and were marched to one side, when their pockets were rifled. Mr. Burns, of Winnepeg, lost $70; Mr. Massey lost $30; a Frenchman lost $135, and the stage driver lost $200. The robbers then went through the luggage and opened the mail bags. The horses were then taken out and driven away, and the highwaymen disappeared.

—Frank B. Campbell, a discharged clerk of James Carruthers, provision exporter in Chicago, recently went to the office of his late employer, and at the point of a revolver obliged him to sign a check payable to bearer for $150, and deliver it to him. The check was subsequently cashed by a firm who recognized Campbell as Carruther's clerk. Campbell was arrested on the 25th.

—A. W. Harrison, 66 years of age, of Germantown, Penna., a saloon passenger on the steamship The Queen, which arrived at New York on the 25th from Liverpool, died on August 22d of natural causes, and was buried at sea. General R. P. Ransom, a prominent citizen of Lexington, Kentucky, died on the 24th. It is supposed he committed suicide by taking a large amount of morphia. No cause is assigned.

—Rev. James C. Beecher, of Coscob, Connecticut, brother of Henry Ward Beecher and Thomas K. Beecher, committed suicide at the Water Cure in Elmira, New York, on the 25th, by shooting himself through the head with a small rifle. He had been suffering under severe mental troubles for a number of years and for a time was under treatment in the Middletown Hospital. He was about 50 years old.

—On the 25th, part of a construction train on the Asheville and Spartanburg Railroad, while ascending a heavy grade on the mountain section, between Tryon City and Saluda, North Carolina, broke loose, flying down the mountain with frightful speed. Over seer Swift and four convicts were hurled from the flat cars and killed. A guard was seriously injured and seven convicts were wounded. The cars did not leave the track, but did not stop until they reached Tryon City.

—The acting Comptroller of the Currency on the 24th, authorized the National Bank of Royer's Ford, Penna., to begin business, with a capital of $100,000.

—General Miles says Geronimo and his band are much worn down and tired. Captain Lawton's command is in good condition, and he believes he can kill, capture or force the Indians to surrender, and General Miles has every confidence in his ability and untiring energy.

—Shortly after an express left Davis station, about fifty miles from Chicago, on the evening of the 24th, it was stoned by unknown parties. Windows in all the cars were broken, but, fortunately, no person was hurt. It is thought the stones were thrown by tramps.

—An armed mob entered the town of Magnolia, Louisiana, on the 24th, and taking John and Leander Nelson, colored, charged with the murder of a negro named Collins, from the jail, hanged them from a bridge.

—Cora Cooper, 11 years of age, accidentally shot and killed herself in Georgetown, Delaware, on the 25th, while handling a shot gun. She is the daughter of Milton Cooper, residing near Milton, Delaware.

—Editor Cutting has published an address to the people of the United States, in which he thanks the citizens of El Paso, the press of Texas and Consul Brigham for the interest taken in his case and the assistance rendered him. He ends by abusing Mexico and her institutions, and hopes the United States will invade and conquer the whole country.

—A carriage containing Senator Evarts, of New York, Charles C. Perkins, of Boston, and Miss Matthews, daughter of Judge Stanley Matthews, of Ohio, was overturned in Windsor, Vermont, on the evening of the 25th. Mr. Perkins was instantly killed, and Senator Evarts and Miss Matthews were severely injured.

—A despatch from Jackson, Mississippi, says that Thomas H. Johnston, who killed Joseph Bolton at Brandon, on June 29th, and who was recently indicted by the Grand Jury, was on the 26th pardoned by Governor Lowry. The testimony showed that Bolton had betrayed Johnston's daughter. A despatch from Osage Mission, Kansas, says Willie Sells, the murderer of his family, was on the 25th, sentenced to be hanged, "which, under the custom of Kansas, means imprisonment for life." Nathaniel Stillman Bates was hanged at Richmond, Indiana, on the 26th. He murdered his wife in March last. He made a speech saying he was guilty, and was glad and ready to die. The jury in the case of John E. Duffy, for the murder of Edward Gardner, in New Orleans, on the 25th, returned a verdict of guilty without capital punishment. This was the third trial, the jury in the previous trials having failed to agree.

—On the farm of W. K. Gandy, near Fort Worth, Texas, a rabid dog bit Walter Gandy, four years old, in the face. A madstone was applied but it would not adhere, and it was said that no virus had entered the system. Not satisfied, the father had another madstone applied, with like result. On the 25th a little playmate went to see him, and Walter bit him slightly in the face. The physicians fear this boy has also been inoculated with the poison. On the 25th night Walter barked like a dog, bent himself nearly double, gnashed his teeth, and blood and foam gushed from his mouth. He died the same night.

—Fire in the freight house of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's Railroad, at Saratoga, New York, on the 25th, caused a loss of $33,000.

—A despatch from Eagle Pass says R. P. Allen, superintendent of the Coahuila Mines syndicate, has complained to Consul Lynn of the constant annoyances inflicted upon the mining company by Mexican officers at Cuatro Cienegas and San Pablo, imposing unjust fines for floating the American flag on American property without obtaining permission from the authorities at San Pablo, for which offence the company was fined $20, and stopping mining operations on several occasions for trivial causes.

—The Prohibition Convention reconvened in Harrisburg, Penna., on the 26th and nominated Charles S. Wolfe, for Governor; A. A. Barker, for Lieutenant Governor; Charles L. Hawley, for Auditor General; John N. Emery, for Secretary of Internal Affairs; and Rev. John M. Palmer, colored, for Congressman-at-Large.

—John L. Schenck, living three miles from Freehold, N. J., who has led a hermit's life for a number of years, is dying of paralysis. At the request of his brother, his property has been inventoried by Judge Spader, and money and notes amounting to $30,000 have been found in his house. Nearly thirty rifles and shot guns were found. One old rifle was filled to the muzzle with half-eagles, and stockings and cups were found filled with gold, silver and copper coins. A bundle of promissory notes, aggregating $8000, was also found. Mr. Schenck is over eighty years of age. The house in which he lives is shingled all over, and has narrow windows and doors, seven inches thick. It has not been swept for eight years.

—As a number of children were playing on a pile of lumber in the rear of several new houses in Lancaster, Penna., on the evening of the 26th, the pile suddenly gave way, burying several of the children under it. Harry Reimer, aged 6 years, had his neck broken and died instantly, and Harry Shade, of Reading, aged 10 years, was seriously and probably fatally injured. The other children were only slightly injured.

—A despatch from Carter county, Tennessee, says John Ransom and James G. Gaines have been courting the same girl. A few nights ago they met at her house, and in her presence Gaines shot his rival dead.

—A fire broke out at the Nottingham Coal Mine, at Plymouth, Penna., on the 27th. It is about 1500 feet above the surface. The fire was caused by sparks from a donkey engine. Over five hundred men will be thrown out of employment. Bayou Sara, in the upper portion of the town of St. Francisville, Louisiana, was burned on the 27th. The total loss is estimated at over $118,000. The principal sufferers are Frahan & Co., loss on stock and building $100,000, insurance $75,000; William Conn, dwelling and store destroyed; Mrs. L. Weil, three stores burned. A fire broke out in Crandall's toy factory, at Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penna., on the 27th, which extended and destroyed thirteen business houses and two residences. Loss, $75,000.

—A despatch from Galveston, Texas, says that Captain William Moore and party, who were supposed to have been lost in the recent storm off Indianola, reached their destination in safety. The discovery of their boat bottom upward in Mattagorda bay gave rise to the belief that they were lost. Captain Bailey, who was also reported as lost, managed to save himself by clinging to a plank.

—A skiff containing six young men upset in the Ohio river, at Cincinnati, on the 27th, and Frank Wilson, George Glover and two brothers, named Guy, were drowned.

—A despatch from Madison, Indiana, says hog cholera in that and adjacent counties, will entail a loss to farmers of many thousands of dollars. No remedy prescribed appears to have any effect in checking the disease. Numerous individual losses of more than one hundred head are reported.

—It is reported that the Halifax Sugar Refinery Company in Halifax, Nova Scotia, is in financial difficulties. The concern has a capital of $1,000,000, and has been in operation only a few days. The company is composed entirely of English capitalists. About 3000 tons of raw sugar are in store, and a bark and a brig with full cargoes are in port awaiting discharge. T. F. Brown & Co., furniture manufacturers of Boston, have gone into insolvency. Their liabilities are $75,000, and their assets about $8000. The general assignment of M. M. Bable, boot and shoe dealer of Buffalo, New York, was filed on the 27th. The preferences aggregate $23,000. No schedule has been filed.

—William Foulks, the well-known ship builder of Greenpoint, died on the 27th at his home in Brooklyn, in the 75th year of his age. Col. Chatfield Hardway, of Washington, D. C., died in Troy, New York, on the 27th. He was war correspondent and Washington correspondent for newspapers in St. Louis and other cities. Augustus G. Holladay, a prominent lawyer of Portsmouth, Virginia, died suddenly on the 27th. Professor Thomas J. Girardeau, formerly editor of the Houston (Texas) *Post*, died in Galveston on the 26th. He was born in 1820. State Senator Hugh McNeill died at his home in Allegheny City last night. He had represented the Forty-second District in the Senate since 1875.

—Captain William Cook, who served creditably in the war and suffered in Libby prison, and who since has been a professor at Harvard College and the Institute of Technolgy in Boston, accidentally shot himself at Chatham, Massachusetts, on the 27th, and died the same evening.

—R. Champollion, of Paris, France, committed suicide at the Corbin Farm, at Newport, R. I., on the 26th. He was married to the youngest daughter of Austin Corbin, of New York. The deed is attributed to mental aberration, induced by an attack of rheumatism and erysipelas.

THE MARKETS

PHILADELPHIA.

Beef		3½@	5¼
Hogs		6 @	
Sheep		2 @	4½
Cotton, Middling		9¼@	10⅛
Flour, Western	$ 3 50	@$ 5 00	
do Pennsylvania	2 75	@ 4 50	
Wheat, Western White	0 83½	@ 0 89	
do Pennsylvania	0 85½	@ 0 90	
Rye	55	@ 56	
Oats	26⅜	@ 35⅛	
Corn	51⅛	@ 54⅜	
Petroleum	6	@ 6⅝	
do refined	8	@ 8½	
Butter	12	@ 22	
Cheese	3	@ 8¾	
Wool, Penna and Ohio	26	@ 40	
do N. Y. and Western	25	@ 42	
do Canada	17	@ 26	
Hops	6	@ 25	
Provisions—Pork, per bbl	11 50	@ 13 00	
Beef Hams	7 50	@ 24 00	
Lard	6¾	@ 7¾	
Coffee	8	@ 22	
Sugar	4⅝	@ 4⅞	
do refined	5⅝	@ 6⅝	
Rice	5¾	@ 7	
Fish—Mackerel, mess	26 00	@ 35 00	
do bay ls	31 00	@ 35 00	
Codfish	3 00	@ 5 00	
Herring	2 50	@ 4 50	
Straw—Rye	13 00	@ 13 50	
do Oats	9 00	@ 9 50	
Hay—Timothy	12 00	@ 15 50	

NEW YORK.

Flour, Western	$ 3 00	@ 5 00	
do Pennsylvania	2 75	@ 4 50	
Wheat, Western	0 82	@ 0 89	
do Pennsylvania	0 88	@ 0 90	
Cotton, Middling		9¾@ 11	
Apples	0 75	@ 2 50	
Coffee	8	@ 22	
Sugar	5⅝	@ 6¼	
Molasses	19	@ 40	
Petroleum	6	@ 8¼	
Clover Seed	10¼	@ 10⅝	
Timothy	2 00	@ 2 25	

The Work of Years.

The years but make thee fairer, love,
As by us they are rolled;
Thy charms are but the rarer, love,
Thou never wilt grow old.

Thy brow is but the whiter, love,
As swift the days go by;
And yearly groweth brighter, love,
The sweet light in the eye.

More delicate carnation, love,
Thy rounded cheek doth woo;
And it's no revelation, love,
Thy lips have found more hue.

And wouldst thou know the wherefore love?
The secret's no surprise,
Yet one that thou wilt care for love:
My heart is in my eyes.

AN IRISH ELOPEMENT.

"Arden Hill, my dear old chappie, of all others I was most anxious to see you to-day."

The speaker was rather a good looking young fellow, who wore the cap and gown of a student of Trinity college, Dublin, and as he spoke he laid his hand familiarly on the shoulder of a friend standing at a book-stall by the college wall, and absorbed in the pages of a volume picked up haphazardly.

"Well, Dillon, what is it?"

"I think you will do me a service, which, while it will not entail a great deal of trouble on you, may help to secure my future happiness."

"Of course it goes without saying that I will. But what makes Maurice Dillon look as solemn as an undertaker at his wife's funeral?"

"This is not the place to tell you, Hill. Come across to the 'Star and Garter,' and over a chop and a glass of bitter beer you can hear the story."

Seated in a quiet corner of that snug old hostelry Mr. Dillon commenced:

"You are a Kings county man, Hill —Tullamore, I believe."

His companion nodded an affirmative, and Dillon went on:

"A dirty little hole of a town, built in a bog, isn't it? In fact, I may take it you are a bog-trotter."

"You may take it that I am a genuine bog-trotter, but, Dillon, if you please, you will cast no aspersions on my native town."

"Oh! I mean no offence, I assure you," Dillon explained, with a laugh. "But I was thinking of the saying that Charles Lever has left on record. He says that among Irish towns Tullamore is only remarkable for the superlative ugliness of its female natives. There, now, don't get your back up. I'm willing not to believe a word of it. But tell me, am I safe in assuming that you know the country within a radius of a dozen miles of Tullamore?"

"Every inch of it; but what is this leading up to?"

"Will you have patience—two weeks ago, when you and Watkins and I saw Irving as Hamlet in the Theatre Royal, there was a lady in the dress-circle, whom Arthur Watkins had promised to see home, in company with her pa; but he found our discussion on the relative merits of Irving and Barry Sullivan so very interesting that the lady was forgotten."

"Indeed; but, anyway, Watkins is the last man in the university to allow a woman's eyes to distract his thoughts from sober studies; and now let me ask you again, what is this all leading up to? For a Trinity college man you have, I must say, a particularly lucid style in telling a story."

"Arthur Watkins' father and the father of this young lady are very anxious to make a match between them, and the young people with proverbial perversity, are adverse to entering into any such arrangement. Watkins would regard a wife simply as a nuisance and a bore."

"And the lady?"

"The lady, I believe—or, rather, I sincerely hope, loves another."

"A very friendly aspiration, upon my soul, Dillon."

"You will scarcely blame me when I say that Lucy and I are——"

"Oh! So the cat is out of the bag, is it, Master Maurice? And with your keen appreciation of honor do you think this is a matter to boast of? You have wronged a friend who——"

"I haven't done anything of the sort, Hill, and I wish you wouldn't think it. Lucy and I knew each other—well, were fond of each other—there now—before Watkins loomed up as an unwilling rival. The friends of Watkins, you know, are wealthy, while I—but 'tis the old story. Lucy's father desires to secure a rich husband for his only child."

Hill crossed his arms on the table, and looking in his friend's face said quietly: "And don't you know he's right, Maurice Dillon? Since my childhood days I do not think that any single individual ever slandered me by saying that I possessed even a moderate share of common sense, but I say to marry a girl where that marriage must necessarily entail the life of a pauper is something that only a scamp or a fool would do, and for friendship's sake I'm disposed to class you in the latter category."

"I'm not in a mood to hear a sermon from you now, Hill. Tell me, do you know a place near Tullamore called Raheenbeg?"

"About as well as I know College Green," was Hill's reply.

"Well, Raheenbeg is Lucy's home, and Watkins has an invitation to visit there this week. He is going reluctantly he tells me, and if he does it is easy to anticipate the result. No man, not even Arthur Watkins, can resist the charms of Lucy Damer, and should she be coerced into accepting him as a suitor, it would simply drive me to the devil."

Dillon rose from his chair, and paced the room a minute or two in silence. Then he said abruptly:

"I am going down there to-night, Hill, and I want you to come with me."

"It's two years since I have been at home, and honestly I don't care to go in that direction just now; but, anyway, how could I serve you?"

"Lucy is going to elope with me. Now, don't look so horrified, man. Her father, Parson Damer, apprehends something of the kind, and as a consequence she is as jealously guarded as a political suspect in Kilmainham. I shall tell you our plans on the way down. A train leaves Kingsbridge at 3.30. We shall reach Geashell at 6, and if all goes well—and much depends on you—we shall catch the 7.30 up-train at the same station."

"Are you sure you are acting squarely by this young girl, Dillon? She loves you, or believes she loves you, which amounts to the same thing, I suppose. She is willing to leave home and father for your sake, and what will you give her in return? Why, you will scarcely have a shilling of your own to commence housekeeping with, and her father is reported as poor as a churchmouse."

"Don't fling any more of your infernal homilies at my head. I must have Lucy if we begged together. She is willing to take the risks, and Hill, you have promished to stand by me."

It was a cold, wet night when Dillon and his friend reached the little station where their journey by rail terminated. As they emerged from the gate they found a solitary car on the roadside and Hill at once recognized the driver.

"Hello! Mickey Leddy; a wet night, isn't it?"

"Arrah! Mr. Hill, is id yerself that's in id? Yis, glory be t' God! Id's a wet night, surely, an' I suppose ye'll have a sate home wid me."

"No, I'm not going home, Mickey, but if you're disengaged you might drive this gentleman and me over to Raheenbeg."

"Faix, an' sure I will. Jump up on the other side and I'll have ye there in a jiffy."

"How fortunate to find this car here, Hill," said Dillon, as they started down the road.

"Yes, my friend, it is wonderful what opportunities are afforded to man when he is bent on going to the devil headlong. You will drop me at the churchyard wall, Mickey. Don't you know it?"

"Do I know id, is id, Measha, sure ye haven't forgot the day we wor at the coorsin' match, whin Joe Colville's greyhound Mabel took two turns out ov the hare in Odlum's forty-acre field that's up against id. An' be the same token we had a glass of spirits aich in Nancy Kelly's sheebeen at the Meetenans on the way home that Joe said was the best that he ever tasted, an' ye know he ought to be a judge."

Five minutes' walk from the place of rendezvous brought Hill to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Damer. A female servant admitted him to the hall, and in response to the question, was Mr. Damer at home, that gentleman made his appearance from a room in the rear of the house.

"I regret sir," said Hill, with great gravity, "to be the bearer of unpleasant tidings. Mr. Watkins—you know Arthur Watkins, of Trinity—has met with an accident of a serious nature within half a mile of your house." Before the clergyman could utter a word Hill went on with nervous rapidity, "I met him by accident at Partarlington station, and as I was driving over to Killeigh I induced him to accept a seat as far as your residence, and I fear poor Arthur is seriously hurt. Then as the vehicle is badly smashed, I came on here to seek assistance."

"This is, indeed, lamentable news; but come outside, sir, while I give directions to have my own car got ready, Barbara, you will go to Miss Damer's room and tell her I wish to speak to her."

Barbara lingered a moment at the door when her master left the room, to eye the visitor inquisitively.

He drew a note from the inner pocket of his coat, and approaching her, said: "Barbara, my dear, will you give this note to your mistress, and tell her that Mr. Dillon is waiting for her in the shadow of the churchyard wall?"

"O, may the Lord save us! Maybe it's what he wants to run away with her."

"Faith, maybe it is, my dear; but don't let that frighten you. Who knows but one of these days some likely young fellow will be running away with yourself? But had you not better give that letter to your mistress at once, and tell her, as her father will drive in an opposite direction to where her lover waits her, she will have the chance of meeting him at last."

A few minutes later Mr. Damer and his daughter entered the room. Miss Damer was scarcely pretty, and Hill was wondering at his friend's blindness until she raised her eyes to his—

Eyes too expressive to be blue,
Too lovely to be gray.

And which certainly gave a singular charm to her face.

"I have told my daughter, sir, and since we cannot start for a quarter of an hour or so, you will take some refreshments."

"Couldn't hear of it, sir," Hill said hurriedly, "I must return to my poor friend at once, and I am sure you will make all haste possible." Before the clergyman could reply Mr. Hill was out of the room, and as he descended the steps he muttered with a sigh of relief: "Heaven be thanked for this lucky escape from an ugly predicament."

At 10.30 that night Maurice Dillon, with Lucy clinging to his arm, entered the parlor of a cottage in a Dublin suburb. A gray-haired lady was reading by the fire, whom Dillon addressed as follows: "Aunt Mary, this is Lucy Damer, whom you know I have long loved. Since the powers that be were against us, we've taken the law into our own hands, and I ran away with her to-night."

Aunt Mary looked at the trembling girl for a moment, and said with calm severity: "In my younger days, Miss Damer, an Irish girl had the reputation for modesty for which her countrymen were very proud. And you, sir, an Irish gentleman, have dared to compromise the honor of this young lady by your criminal recklessness."

"I've only followed the example of an ancestor of ours, who is your own particular hero, Aunt Mary. That Capt. Maurice Dillon, who fought with Lord Clare at Fontenoy, ran away with as pure and true a girl as ever bore the name of wife."

"I'm not going to split logical straws with you, sir You will return to your college immediately, and 'twill be a miracle if they don't expel you yet. Come over to the fire, Miss Damer, you are positively shivering with the cold, and you will give me your papa's address. I shall telegraph to him in the morning."

"Oh! Miss Dillon, please."

"Yes, Aunt Mary is right, as she always is, I shall go into town, of course, and don't cry, Lucy. Aunt Mary will be very kind to you, for didn't I tell you on our way up that she's a thousand bricks?"

"Young man, how often have I told you not to use slang in my presence?"

And by way of answer he threw his arms around her neck and gave her a resounding kiss; but it was almost timidly he took Lucy's hand in his to say good night, although he looked yearningly into the eyes that long ago had made him captive. Perhaps Aunt Mary saw that yearning glance and the look of love that answered it. I only know that as her nephew left the room she said in gentle tones: "Miss Damer, that careless boy always leaves the hall door open. Will you kindly close it after him?"

Which of my fair readers has not already arrived at the conclusion that Maurice and Lucy were married? He is now a physician of respectable practice in a country town, and in Lucy's home and his there is a little toddler who has learned to love the gentle, gray-haired lady who often visits that happy home, and who, he would tell you, is his own Aunt Mary.

A Lion Tamer's Wedding.

A Paris correspondent reports a remarkable wedding which took place at St. Maude. The bride was Mademoiselle Maria Pezon, the daughter of Baptiste Pezon, the famous lion tamer, and the bridegroom, Alexander Pezon, her cousin, also a tamer. A banquet of 100 covers was given by the father to the bride, to which the Paris press were invited. The company included lion tamers, menagerie directors, strolling players and others whose vocation is to furnish amusement at fairs. According to the menu handed round the wedding fare consisted of "potage de lezard, saucisson de lion, bombes siberiennes, elephant roti, poulets la leopard," and such dishes. The guests, however, believe that they partook of nothing but good roast beef, ducks, and the like. The banqueting hall was adorned with stuffed lions and similar trophies. Above the bridal pair was a group of superb tigers. A good round sum as dowry was handed by the bride's father to his son-in-law. The festivities closed with the customary ball.

Elderly Ladies in Germany.

In England elderly ladies are often laughed at behind their backs for dressing in too youthful a manner. The Germans go to the other extreme; no sooner do they marry or reach the age of 25 than they think it necessary to wear unbecoming bonnets, dark silk dresses, old-fashioned mantles, and to assume all the other signs of a lady advancing in years.

—Bonnie McGregor is lying up for the Hartford $10,000 purse.

—Surah, pongee and foulard silk are combined with woolen lace and with open-work materials.

—Sherwood Robinson, a young man who went to Chicago from Sheffield, Penna., on August 11th, is missing. He had $3000 in his possession and intended to locate in Chicago. He left his satchel and an unpaid bill at the St. James Hotel. Detectives are at work on the case.

In the Shadows.

Day by day the shadows lengthen
In the way—
Glory no more serves to strengthen
For the fray.
Summer flowers have lost their sweetness;
Summer hours their charming fleetness;
Nothing reaches its completeness,
But decay.

Find we only shrines long broken,
Gray with mold;
Shattered hopes and vows unspoken,
Griefs ne'er told.
Stately ruins wherein lingers
Many a form whose specter fingers
Point us to love's once bright embers—
Damp and cold.

Oh! for faith whose clearer vision
Through the gloom
Sees the radiant fields elysium
In their bloom.
Faith that grief can weaken never;
Faith so strong it points us ever
To the lights that shine forever
O'er the tomb.

Thus we cry—calling, calling,
In our pain—
Till about us, softly falling,
Like sweet rain,
Peace drops gently down from heaven;
Clouds of doubt and grief are riven,
And unto our life is given
Rest again.

POLES APART.

Dick Fellowes flung himself back against the frail door post of the summer house till the airy building rocked to its foundation.

"Say one kind word Stella. My love may not seem much to you, but at least it is the best I have to give," he said earnestly, looking very white and hurt.

Stella Howard, sitting sweet and calm in her white gown and pearls, half glanced toward her impetuous lover, then dropped her blue eyes again with a suspicion of a dainty shudder.

Dick's hands were so very big and red, and his evening dress looked as if it had come out of the ark. Of course he was very good and nice, and Stella did not mind his clumsy little attentions when no one more interesting was at hand: but to be made love to by a big, awkward, young civil engineer working on the new railway line! a creature who couldn't sing, or ride, or play billiards; who entered a room like a wandering elephant, and was forever buried in diagrams and calculations, instead of talking society chatter! Stella could not help feeling it a decided liberty on Dick Fellowes' part to imagine himself entitled to love Col. Howard's only daughter, and, she heartily wished she had never suggested his being invited to dinner—at which he had overturned a glass of Chablis over her new lace flounce—or consented to show him the garden in the soft sunset glow of that June evening.

"I don't know what to say. I've told you it isn't the least use. Mr. Fellowes, your life and mine are poles apart; we can't make them meet. I'm very sorry you should be pained. Try to forget it all," she answered, trying not to show her disdain too plainly.

"Forget!" echoed Fellowes, the blood rushing to his temples. "No, that's not likely. I tell you while you live no man will love you as I have done. Good-by Stella; I can't stand any more. Heaven bless you, although you are so cruel!"

And he was out of sight down the garden path before Stella could have stopped him, even had she so wished.

What curiously abrupt manners he had thought she, as she made her way to the drawing-room through the sweet-scented roses to sing the song Capt. Thurlow had begged for in a whisper as she left the table. How odd to leave without bidding good-by! And he was leaving Churlstone the next day, she knew.

Capt. Thurlow's polished manner was a positive relief after such behavior, and as he turned the pages of the "Bohemian Girl," and murmured compliments into Stella Howard's well pleased ear, Dick Fellowes and his wooing faded from her mind like a disagreeable dream.

Only once did she hear his name in the two years that followed, and that was in connection with some scheme of some proposed government work and he was called "Mr. Fellowes, the well-known and rising engineer."

Dick rising! Stella was sensible of a little shock of intense wonder.

But there was very little time for any thought of the outside world after that. Col. Howard died in Afghanistan, and Stella found herself a penniless orphan, dependent on the distant relations with whom she lived. Even in all her sorrow and despair there was a little ray of comfort in the thought of Capt. Thurlow. Truly there was one strong arm and brave heart that would not fail her.

But Capt. Thurlow was endowed with a knowledge of the world, which made him keenly aware of the nice difference between Miss Howard the pretty daughter of his reputedly wealthy colonel, and Miss Howard the penniless orphan. His engagement to a Lancashire manufacturer's daughter was in all the society papers within a fortnight; and as Stella tried to crush out the mortification and resentment from her heart which seemed full to overflowing, there sounded in her ears, as if were a prophesy, Dick Fellowes' parting words,—

"No one will ever love you as I have done."

Was it all the perversity of a woman's nature that made Stella's memory dwell so often and so kindly on the recollection of that wooing as time went on? In the old days life had held so much love for her that Dick's seemed a thing little worth the having now that she was that lonely thing, a governess in other people's houses, she wondered how she could have despised any love so honest and so true, and her recollection of clumsy Dick grew to be a very kind and gentle one.

Not that her lot was as hard as that of many; indeed, the Bouchers were very kind to her. Her pupils were good and affectionate, with the careless affection of children; she had plenty to eat and drink and nothing to complain of, except that her life had passed her by. She tried to do her duty, to teach the children well and wisely, to help Mrs. Boucher with her numerous guests and society cares.

The house was to be full for regatta week as usual, and Stella had promised to give up her holiday till they were all gone again. She was writing notes for a great garden party, when the little girls burst in upon her in wild excitement.

"Oh, Miss Howard! only think Sir Richie is coming—our own dear Sir Richie. Isn't it lovely!" they cried.

"And who may Sir Richie be?" inquired Miss Howard, very composedly directing another envelope.

"Not know our own Sir Richie? Why, everybody knows him. He plays tennis with us, and rows us on the lake, and buys us dolls! Fancy, mamma, Miss Howard does not know our own darling Sir Richie!"

"Miss Howard has been out of society so long that there is an excuse for her not knowing at least the name of Sir Richard Fellowes," responded Mrs. Boucher.

The pen rolled over upon the newly addressed envelopes and ruined two.

"Sir Richard Fellowes?" was all Miss Howard could gasp out.

"Yes, the great inventor and civil engineer. He had his baronetcy conferred a few months ago, when he finished his great railway line to Thibet; and he's just been stopping at Osborne. Is it possible you're never heard his name? Why, he was one of the lions of last season, young, rich and the fashion. I'm lucky to get him here even for a flying visit; but my husband and he are old friends, and he is wonderfully fond of the children. Can it be you have never heard of him, really?"

"I—I met him some years ago," Stella managed to falter.

"Then people would think you fortunate. However, I fear you won't have much chance to renew your old acquaintance; Sir Richie is such an object of attention from both *debutantes* and *chaperones*. He is one of the great *partis* of the season, you know."

And Mrs. Boucher laughed a little good-natured laugh.

Gladly would Stella have hidden herself in her distant school-room that night, and pleaded neuralgia, or any other synonym for a broken heart, rather than enter the crowded drawing room, whence the soft flow of voices floated out of the open window over to her own room in the wing. But Mrs. Boucher had told her they would want some singing, and governesses must not indulge their feelings when other people's entertainment are at stake.

Stella's heart seemed beating in her ears as she entered the great drawing-room behind a tray of coffee cups, and hid herself in a sheltered nook near the piano.

At first she could see nothing clearly, the rose shaded lamps threw so dim a light, then she grew aware of a group of smiling interested people, all bestowing their most gracious smiles and attentions on a tall figure in their midst. Could that be Dick Fellowes—that broad shouldered man with the brown moustache and close cropped, curly head, who moved and looked and spoke like a man confident of his own powers and used to and succeed to please? Stella thought of the ill-fitting garments of old days as she noticed the shapely cut of his coat collar and the grace of self possession in his every movement. Dick had red hands and big boots, and suggested a bull in a china shop. Was there some mistake after all?

A moment, and then he raised his head, and she caught the old merry smile and the flash of the quick gray eyes; and bewildered with a rush of recollection, Stella made her way to the piano in obedience to Mrs. Boucher's smile and nod.

Why had Mrs. Boucher asked her to sing "Golden Days?" It was Dick's favorite song long ago, and Stella felt as if it would choke her. Her voice shook so that Mrs. Boucher's guests thought that their hostess had a good deal over-praised her governess' style, and a Miss Verney near by remarked to Sir Richard Fellowes that she did not admire that *tremolo* kind of manner so many girls affected.

"'Ah for the golden days beyond recalling!
Ah for the golden days!"

sang Stella, with something that was like a sob—so like that she pulled herself up sharply, and felt as if she had fallen forever in her own respect.

As she rose from the piano stool her eyes met those of Sir Richard, who was standing close to the piano. There was nothing beyond the most casual recognition in the slight bow on both sides, and then Stella got away somehow to her own quarters, to find vent for the passionate flow of tears that overcame all her self control.

The next day was to be the grand garden party. Miss Howard was supposed to be unostentatiously in the background, dressed in her best, to keep a supervision over her little pupils, Ethel and Maud, wild with delight hastened her out to the tennis lawn long before any one could possibly be expected to arrive.

"Just one little game before the people come to the grounds, Miss Howard. You know we may not play when all the grown-up people are here, and we do so want a little tiny game," begged the children.

Miss Howard, mindful of her best cream gown and the difficulties of tennis when combined with long gloves and plumed hat, vainly endeavored to escape.

"Only a little scrap of play. Ah! you know you can't refuse," they said.

And Stella was forced to laugh and yield to their entreaties.

So that the picture that met the eyes of the idle gentleman who sauntered down the shrubbery path among the fragrant syringias, and turned the corner of the terrace steps—a girl's figure in a creamy gown, vivid in the hot sun against the trees and shrubbery; a shade hat which threw into relief the crisp, bronze hair and the soft flush on her cheek, a racquet poised aloft, and a flutter of white winged pigeons toward the dark blue sky. He stopped short as if spell bound.

"Oh, Sir Richie, you're just in time? Come along and have a game with Miss Howard—do, do!" cried the children.

Stella turned with a violent start; the racquet slipped from her gloved hand and struck her left wrist a violent blow. The pain turned her faint and giddy, and she felt herself grow white to the very lips.

"No, no, young woman," she heard the voice that was so like, yet so unlike the voice of other days say "Miss Howard won't play with me—she never would."

Then he turned to her with a sudden change from the laughing tone:

"Have you hurt your arm? I am afraid I startled you;" and he came forward hastily.

But Stella drew away as he approached.

"Nothing—it is nothing; pray don't trouble yourself," she said almost crossly.

And as a stream of gayly dressed people emerged from the conservatory, and began to spread themselves over the terrace and approach the lawn, Stella turned and fled into the shrubbery.

She had reached the fountain by the statue of the dancing faun before she was overtaken.

"Pardon me," said her pursuer, in a tone that was certainly not Dick's—it was too commanding. "I do not want to contradict you, but I can't believe it is nothing."

And in another moment the little bruised wrist from which he had stripped the glove was in Sir Richards firm, light grasp, and Stella meekly surrendered.

"Sit down here," was the order, and she found herself placed on the mossy step of the old fountain, while with quick, deft fingers Sir Richard dipped his handkerchief in the cool water and bound it round the slender wrist.

Could it be Dick? Was it not all a mocking dream? Stella could only hope with all her might that the awakening might be long delayed.

The splash of water in the old stone basin and the mysterious whispers of the pines overhead, were the only sounds that broke the summer stillness. The tennis was too far off for them to hear the merry players; they were quite alone.

Did Dick remember the last time they had been alone together? He came and sat down on the broken step by her side.

"Stella, do you shrink from me still? After all the years I have been working and toiling to be worthier of you, am I no nearer the goal than when we last parted? Must I ask in vain as I did then, for the least little word?" he said slowly and gravely.

Not a movement, not a sound from the shrinking figure at his side. His face grew graver still, and he bit his lip.

"Am I to go away again, then?" he asked after a pause.

Still no answer.

With a sudden impulse, Sir Richard stopped and peered under the broad hat that hid her eyes from him.

"What! crying Stella!" He was on the moss. "Have I made you cry? My darling! my own!"

He was trying to take her in his arms, but she struggled to her feet herself.

"Ah, Dick, I told you once that our lives were poles apart. It was false then but it has come true, she murmured brokenly.

"If it had, which I deny, the relative positions would be the same. You are as you have always been, a world above me in all things. But love can bridge any gulf, Stella. Won't you let me try? It is my trade, you know."

And then she struggled no longer. "Dick," she whispered by and by, when conversation had had time to become a trifle less absorbing, "do you remember what you said that night at Churlstone? You told me no man would ever love me as you have done I didn't believe it then, but I know now that you were right."

"Did I say that?" he asked, laughing. "Well, yes, I was right, I dare say—only I put it into the wrong tense. What I should have said was, not 'as I have done,' but 'as I do, and shall keep on doing as long as the world shall last.' And that would have been truer still, my guiding star; so let it stand like that in the future."

And that point was settled without opposition once and for always.

A Kentuckian Not a Colonel.

"Did you hear about Theodore Hallam getting appointed 'mister?'" said a gentleman to a friend in a hotel lobby recently.

"No," was the reply; "tell us about it."

"Well, continued the Kentuckian, a well-known Covingtonian, "Hallam is a very bright man; would be in Congress, I reckon, were he not in the same district with Carlisle, and may be, some time, anyway, though he and Carlisle are great friends.

"Some time ago somebody called Hallam Colonel, and he professed to be greatly alarmed at the prospect of getting mixed up and his identity lost with the great myriads of Kentucky colonels. So he applied to the present Governor, who was then running for the office, for an appointment on his staff, with the title of 'mister.' The pledge was kept, and Hallam now has his commission, made out in due form, with seal and signature, regularly appointing Hon. T. F. Hallam to a position on the staff of the Governor, with the rank and title of 'mister.' Hallam claims to be the only man of that rank and title in Kentucky."

A Queer Animal from Japan.

An animal whose identity is at present unknown there, was landed in San Francisco lately from the interior of Japan, where it first saw the light of day. At a glance the curiosity might be taken for either a dog or a monkey. It is shaped like the former about the head and neck, but otherwise somewhat resembles the monkey. The animal's favorite position is on its haunches, but with a little urging it stands on its four feet, the body sloping downward the head like a giraffe. The claws of the four feet are like those of a dog, but two extra pairs are furnished on the hind legs a couple of inches above the balls of the feet. The animal appears to be gentle, but has a strong, high-keyed bark, which it gives when spectators attempt to stir it up.

—Embroidered crape, gauze and muslin are shown in most elaborate designs and beautiful colorings.

Rose Benton's Courtship.

"You see, Susan," said Farmer Benton, appealing to his wife in his perplexity. "I orter be in the medder to-morrow mornin' by 4 o'clock and cut that grass while the dew's on it. And then there's the peas and beans orter go to market; they won't be no better by waitin' any longer, and the prices are fallin' every day. I dunno what ter do. Everything allus comes in a heap."

"An' you can't spare Joel—he orter sell 'em and get back by 10 o'clock.

"No—no use in talkin' of Joel's goin'. He must go inter the medder with me."

At this moment pretty little Rose Benton—the blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked teacher of the Elverton school, who was spending her vacation, as usual, at her uncle's—came to the rescue.

"Let me go, Uncle James," she said, coaxingly. "I'll sell them ever so nicely for you."

"You, child," Aunt Susan exclaimed, in astonishment. "Why, land sakes! What do you think you could do around them markets, bargainin' with the men?"

I don't intend to go to the markets; I could find some quiet street and sell them at the houses. Mrs. Burnham frequently does it."

Objection after objection was urged, but Rose had some reason ready to meet them all, and she finally bribed and kissed them into consenting.

Arrived at the city, Rose sought a quiet street and commenced work. At the first house at which she called a pleasant, lady-like woman bought half a peck of peas and two quarts of string beans, without any of the haggling about the price which Rose had feared.

The next house and the next and the next she went to without success, and heartily tired of running up and down steps, she grew almost sick of her self-imposed task. She was about trying a new street, when a young man passing observed her produce, and coming up to her wagon examining it attentively, inquired her price.

"If you will sell at $1," he said when she informed him, "I will take all you have."

Rose hesitated only a moment, for she was ready to sell at almost any price rather than stay longer; so she willingly accepted the offer, and old Sorrel was turned so as to follow her new customer to a store on another street, which bore the name of Harry Moore over the door. Arrived there it required but a few moments to empty her baskets and pocket the money, and she was just congratulating herself that her business was successfully completed, when snap, crash went something behind her, and, turning hurriedly, she found to her dismay that old Sorrel, either tired of standing or to rid himself of some troublesome fly, had sent his heels through the front of the wagon, and, hitting the thills in their descent, one of them lay in several pieces on the ground.

Harry Moore very good-humoredly offered to repair the wagon so far as lay in his power, and Rose stood by, so absorbed in her new trouble that she was not aware of there being a new-comer upon the scene until her attention was called to him by hearing them call out:

"Hello Charley! If you are good at tinkering, come here."

Rose turned quickly, and saw just the person of all others she least wanted to see there. To have Charley Brooks find her in such a scrape! She wished the pavement would open and swallow her or some other dreadful thing would happen: but there was no retreating, for the new-comer had recognized the face under Aunt Susan's Quaker bonnet, and was by her side in a moment, with a pleasant "Good morning, Miss Benton; I am delighted to meet you."

She had become quite nervous and excited by this time, and when Charley kindly offered to drive through the city for her she very willingly consented. Not only through the city but a good distance into the country they had ridden before she thought of relieving him of the reins, for he had made himself so agreeable that she had quite forgotten her vexation and embarrassment over the meeting. Her offer to take the reins was declined with thanks; her cavalier had evidently no intention of leaving until he had seen her safe home.

* * * * * *

"How are you Charley?" Moore said to him a few weeks after, as they accidentally met on the street. "Couldn't think what had become of you. Haven't seen you since the day you were carried off by that damsel from the rural districts."

"Look here, Harry; that damsel from the rural districts, as you choose to call her, is Miss Rose Benton, the young lady whom I have been for the past eighteen months unsuccessfully trying to persuade to become Mrs. Brooks."

"Whew!" whistled Harry. "Who'd have thought? But how came she here?"

Charley explained, adding in conclusion:

"She was so completely taken off her guard that day that she forgot all about her coqueteries and I succeeded so well in my wooing that when we arrived at her home I had the pleasure of introducing myself to the old folks as their future nephew—and well pleased they were, too, for they always favored my suit. Come out to the wedding the 1st of September, and I'll show you the prettiest bride in the country. I mean to keep old Sorrel as long as he lives for helping me to win her."

The Ocean's Bed.

The bed of the ocean is to an enormous extent covered with lava and pumice stone. Still more remarkable is it to find the floor of the ocean covered in many parts with the dust of the meteorites. These bodies whirl about in the heavens like miniature comets, and are for the most part broken into innumerable fragments. We are all familiar with the heavenly visitants as shooting stars, but it has been only lately discovered that this cosmic dust forms layers at the bottom of the deepest seas. Between Honolulu and Tahiti, at the depth of 2,350 fathoms, over two miles and a half, a vast layer of this material exists. Falling upon the land this impalpable dust is undistinguishable; but accumulating for centuries in the sea depths it forms a wondrous story of continuous bombardment of this planet by cometary bodies.

FASHION NOTES.

—Little cape dolmans are made of cord-de-la-reine, and are exceedingly useful on a cool day.

—One of the happiest combinations of color seen lately was a dark watercress-green silk, with bands of embroidery in heliotrope tones on the lower portion of the skirt and a plastron of heliotrope beads on the front of the bodice. This particular green is anything but becoming, but the heliotrope shows off the skin to perfection—a point worth remembering by those who wish to look their best. The old organdie muslins are coming in again, printed in dark tones, and many of the new foulards have printed borders. A white-and-blue spotted example had a red-and-white border, and these borders do duty for extra trimmins.

—Dark blue is to be much braided with white for seaside wear, the outer jacket having straight, loose, open fronts, but close-fitting backs. A white sailor shirt, with large collar, will be worn with the dark shirt, and beneath the jacket when a bodice is too hot and tight. The cheap printed Madras muslins are useful for quiet home-dinner wear, and look well with the addition of a little lace at throat and wrists. They are in good designs and colors, such as navy blue, pale blue and buff stripes, brown or deep cream, and resemble in texture a soft India muslin. They are to be had at less than fourpence a yard at most of the large shops, so that, if they can be made up at home, nothing cheaper or cooler can be adopted for the summer evenings. They require to be made tolerably full, as they are somewhat limp, and, in some eyes, flimsy. A length of thin Indian silk, now obtainable at a low price, could form a fichu, or a laced-edged kerchief of white muslin could do duty for one.

—Bonnets seem to be growing steadily in height, and some of those lately imported from Paris are so wonderful in appearance that few will dare to wear them. For young girls net bonnets, made on light foundations with net strings, a wreath of beaded butterflies, or a smart ribbon or feather aigrette, are suitable and also becoming. They are made principally in black, but also in all colors to match costumes, and also manufactured by the deft hands of the wearers. Black ones with what are called magpie bons—that is, black and white ribbon loops arranged together, and strings of the two ribbons in narrow widths—are much worn for light mourning. Lace hats are much worn, and very soft-looking and pretty they are. The shapes are many and varied, chosen to suit the face of the wearer, but the newest are those taken in idea from Bartolozy's engravings. Thin woven chips, lined with colored sateen and covered or trimmed with muslin, are worn as garden hats. White yachting caps, with peaks, are worn by children and young girls for boating, and also fisherman's caps, made of two colors, with the end turned over to one side and fixed by a fancy brooch. The cap is made in two pieces joined, so that one side of it and the under part of the overlapping end is of one shade and the rest of the other.

—Among the little adjuncts to fashionable dress, says the *Queen*, the lace boas may be mentioned as being popular for morning wear, and also for smarter afternoon wraps. Over pretty zephyrs, or with foulard, lace, canvas or velvet, they looked equally well. With the high bonnets (many of them without strings), the large, picturesque hats now coming into vogue, and the turned-up hair, something full round the throat is required to take the place of the becoming winter fur boas; and so these dainty lace ones have been introduced and warmly taken up. They consist of a very full, plaited ruche round the throat, composed of two lengths of edging lace joined together in the middle, and ends depending in front varying in length, but all reaching to the knees and terminating with bows of ribbon. These ends are generally composed of a close cascade of lace, laid on to a narrow band of black net, although some of them are ruched, the same as round the throat. A bow of ribbon fastens them at the throat, and sometimes the ends are long, falling loosely over the lace cascade, and finished off with another bow at the waist, generally to one side. As a rule, however, the boas hang down loose and long. A few in cream lace have been seen at fetes and weddings (the bridesmaids at a recent wedding wearing them, fastened with an ostrich tip and sprays of real maidenhair fern), and in gray and brown lace, match the costume. Yah lace, although in vogue on mantles of all kinds, and also on canvas dresses, is not used for these boas, as it is too thick.

—Jet galoons, broad and important in themselves, have been rendered more fit for handsome trimmings by pendent natural fir cones of the smallest growth, which have a dash of gold introduced into their black surface. For this work some new materials have been introduced. Perhaps it would be truer to say a revival of old materials, especially in the case of barege, which has come back to us almost entirely as it was worn many years age. It has the same smooth, silky surface, but, whereas the old kind used to tear with any strong pull, this is quite able to bear almost any strain. It has also been brought out with Bayadere stripes of contrasting coloring, such as brown and blue, the broader bands edged with white lines. A capital looking and wearing fabric is the silk fancy canvas with interwoven stripes. It drapes well, yet stands out firmly with a certain substance, so that it does not crease. It is made up also in a charming range of coloring. Some black beaded nets, costly, but intended for panels, have the novelty of the intermixture of a tinsel bead, which appeared of a different tint in every light, like the firefly's wing. Some pretty mantelettes of somewhat similar beading, hand-netted, therefore, almost everlasting wear, and bordered with bead tassel fringe; they are made in several colorings, cling well to the figure, and show it off to advantage.

HORSE NOTES.

—The Haggin stable is proving a powerful factor in all the racing events of the East.

—The Preakness stable recently lost its yearling colt, by Great Tom, dam Wavelet, by Waverly.

—Twenty-seven of the forty-seven heats in 2.30 or better at Rochester were in 2.20 or better.

—There are already more new 2.20 horses this season than ever before brought out in an entire season.

—W. A. Sanborn's 2-year-old colt Brown, by Combat, trotted a mile in 2.34 over a half-mile track at Sterling, Ill., recently.

—The recent death of Harrison Durkee will cause his well-known stud of trotting stock at Flushing, L. I., to be sold at auction.

—Stanley Mortimer has shipped to England the chestnut horse Duke of Westmoreland, and he will be tried in some of the cross-country events.

—Fred Gebhard has shipped to this country from England his race-horse Jolly Sir John, one of the lot in charge of Tom Cannon, at Stockbridge.

—George A. Singerly has purchased R. P. Pepper's entry in the $10,000 purse to be trotted for at Hartford, Conn., September 1, 1886, and will start Prince Wilkes.

—If not disposed of in its entirety before October 14, Glenview Farm will be sold at public auction on that date. J. B. McFerran is authorized to sell any of the animals at private sale until the catalogue is issued, which will be about September 20.

—Barring Tremont, the colt King Fox, owned by J. B. Haggin, is the best 2-year-old that has appeared this season. He is a full brother to Ban Fox, by King Ban, from Maude Hampton, but is a much finer horse than his brother, and a much sounder one.

—Barnum is the iron animal of the equine species. He has had more severe drumming and hammering than probably any horse on the turf, and with all that he is without blemish of any kind and still comparatively fresh, as was attested in his last race at Saratoga, when he vanquished a more than ordinary formidable field.

—The Bard, owned by Mr. A. J. Cassatt, has twice within a week lowered the colors of Dew Drop, the Dwyer Brothers' $29,000 filly. The Bard is not the colt one would pick out in a crowd as a great horse. He has a small head, a light, short neck; is a small horse on considerable leg; narrow in the loin and light in the quarters. Yet he is very close to first-class. He lacks the burst of speed, but will stand a drive all the way, and is at home in all kinds of ground. Too much credit cannot be given his trainer, Huggins, who has kept him at the top notch since early in May. The Bard is by Longfellow, dam Bradamante.

—John Splan appears to be doing pretty much as he pleases in the Grand Circuit races. The correspondent of the *Spirit of the Times* says: "The closest work was in the 2.23 class, where Breeze Medium was favorite at the outset at $100 to $68 for the field. Breeze had the pole, but C. W. Preston, his owner, was not used to driving with Splan and other old drivers. Splan, with William C., crowded her to a break at the head of the first turn, and she had no show. John Murphy, with Preston, put John Turner behind Breeze Medium in the second heat. Nettie T. was crowded all over the track by Splan, who was evidently helping Endymion to beat her. Murphy went into the stand at the end of the race and entered a complaint against Splan for foul driving. They had considerable scolding from their sulkies near the stable gate. Before the third heat was trotted Splan told Crawford that his stallion had thrown a shoe. This caused a delay of half an hour, and caused the postponement of the race. Nettie continued favorite in the second heat at $25 to $10, and in the third at $25 to $13. Breeze Medium won the last three heats, in 2.25, 2.26 and 2.28¾.

—A very unsavory turf scandal has just been unearthed at Chicago, in which the notorious Redmond, or "Texas Tom," as he is more widely known, figures as the principal actor. The circumstance is somewhat as follows: After Lizzie Dwyer and Binette has been announced as starters for the Competition stakes, a telegram was sent from the race-course to the city, advising certain parties to back Binette, as Lizzie Dwyer would not be able to win. The race was postponed, and that day another telegram was sent to go ahead and back Binette. Mr. Corrigan, the owner of Lizzie Dwyer, went to the stable, and, his suspicions being aroused, took the mare out of the hands of the boy Lee, who had charge of her, locked the door of the stable, and gave the key to the watchman, who was told to let no one near the mare until he (Mr. Corrigan) returned in the morning. The watchman was told how and when to feed her, but not to let the boy near. The following morning Mr. C. took charge himself. That morning another telegram went to town, saying that nothing could be done with Lizzie Dwyer. Mr. Corrigan put the case in the hands of Pinkerton, the detective. The mare won the race all right. After investigating, suspicion fastened on Abner Evans and Daniel Reeves, two colored stablemen, and Charlie Price, a colored attache in the stable. Mr. Corrigan went to Price and offered to pay him off and let him go if he would divulge the names of his accomplices. As he refused, Pinkerton was told to arrest the other two, and did so. They confessed that Price had agreed to do the work of "nobbling" Lizzie Dwyer for $200. From all that could be gleaned, there is a well-known bookmaker at the back of the whole affair, who used the notorious "Texas Tom" as a go-between. It is high time "Texas Tom" was put behind the bars. Already he is unable to go within the gates of a race-course, but that is not enough. It is said he poisoned a mare called Golden Sheaf in Wisconsin in 1878. Two years ago he poisoned the horse Carson at New Orleans, and was arrested and severely handled in 1884 for trying to poison Lady of the Lake in St. Louis.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

CENTRE HALL, PA., SEP. 8, 1886.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions.

One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

Fall! Dress Goods Fall!

—French Curls, Tricot, Silks and Wool mixed, Cashmeres, Wide—
Stripe, Home Spun, All the new Beads,
—Buttons and Fringes,—Piles of New Goods—Beautiful Cut Glass,
—Handsome and Unique Bric-a-brac at ex-
—tremely low prices. You will regret it if you do not call—We—
lead in new styles—never follow—always at
the head.

Merchants' Place,

D. GARMAN & SON.

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Merchants' Place, Bellefonte.

D. GARMAN & SON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Weather has turned to cool since last week's shower.

——The apple crop throughout the county will be rather small this year'

——John S. Foster has retired from the hotel at State College, and is succeeded by Mr. S. Grieb.

——Extra cars were attached to trains last week to accommodate the large amount of travel to the grangers picnic.

——The sea serpent was seen up the Hudson river the other day. Next he will be heard of up Penns Creek to see the cave.

——Mr. John Harpster, of Freehold, N. J. who came here on a visit to his mother about three weeks ago, is laid up from a fever.

——The new furniture factory recently erected at Lewisburg, was put in operation a short time ago. Employing a large number of hands.

——Mrs. Phillip Mersinger, of Joliet, Ill., has joined her husband in his visit to her native valley. Mr. Mersinger came here some weeks before.

——A little boy by name of Myers, at Pinegrove, had an arm broken one day last week, by coming in collision with another little fellow while at play.

——Squirrel season opened on Thursday last, with a thumping and banging in the woods from all directions bad enough to scare the squirrels to death.

——Mr. Samuel Krumbine, of Washington, is home for a few weeks vacation He is at present employed in the government printing office at Washington as a compositor.

——"Broncho Tom," a would be cowboy and terror of the plains, furnished a great deal of amusement last week for the people of Millheim, in his efforts to break some western ponies for the saddle.

——A Mr. Glasgow of Pinegrove, shot a rattlesnake on the mountain which measured five feet in length and had 13 rattles. That was a snorter, and we breathe freer now that the reptile is no more. Glasgow should have a premium.

——The following joke happened on our railroad the other day:

"Laurelton," sang out the brakeman in close proximity to an old lady.

Old lady: "I guess I know its Laurelton, as well as you do, for I lived here all my life and am nearly seventy years old now."

——At eleven o'clock on Saturday night Patrick Carroll's barn at Sugar Run, Clinton co., was burned, together with the contents, consisting of hay, oats, wheat, rye and a number of farming implements and several sets of harness. It is supposed the barn was set on fire by some fiend.—Sugar Valley Journal.

——Claude, an 8 yr old son of Jacob Harpster, opposite this office, had the misfortune to break his right arm at the elbow and dislocating the elbow joint, by falling from the yard fence, on last Thursday. Dr. Jacobs was at once called, who set the fracture and gave the little sufferer all possible relief.

——Mrs. Ellen Voneida, wife of Jacob Voneida, sr., was buried in the cemetary at the St. Peter church in Collomsville, on Monday last. Deceased died on Saturday, of dropsy, and was only bedfast several days. There was a large attendance at the funeral and many will mourn the loss of the deceased sister.

——The earthquake which shook the eastern part of our continent last week, did great damage to property and lives in some sections. A slight vibration of the earth was experienced by many through our valley, which was accompanied by a low rumbling noise. No damage was done, but some were badly scared.

——Mrs. James Smith, of this town, died on Monday morning, unexpectedly. We saw the lady only a few days before, in good health. On Friday she was taken ill with cramp of the bowels which turned into cholic, and terminated fatally. She was an earnest member of the Lutheran church, and her unexpected demise has filled her neighbors with sorrow.

——New enterprises are springing up all around us. Spring Mills has the creamery; Bellefonte will soon have immense iron works; Millheim expects to have a hosiery factory, which will employ from fifty to a hundred hands; and Lewisburg has just started a new furniture factory. It is about time that Centre Hall gets a slice. Our business men and property holders should offer inducements to new enterprises and encourage capitalists to locate here. Centre Hall could stand a business boom.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN CENTRE.

The earthquake on Tuesday night of last week was distinctly felt in many sections of our county, at about the same hour as reported from all other sections of the country—about 9.50 at night. It indicated itself quite distinctly at Centre Hall. The writer was about to retire when two or three moments before stepping into bed we were startled by a singular rumbling as if from the rolling of a very heavy wagon passing slowly on the street. The sound was of a metallic nature which we attribute to the solid bed of limestone upon which the house (brick) is built, thus constituting a good conductor of sound from the rock to the building which was affected by distinct vibrations. The phenomenon struck us as very singular, but we went to sleep without giving the occurrence any further thought. Next morning on reading papers we saw accounts of earthquake shocks from all over the country and it soon struck us that we had a little quake here too. The vibrations we think lasted upwards of four seconds.

At Boalsburg, Bellefonte, and Howard shocks were felt at the same time, in some instances folks got out of their beds to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

——On Sunday afternoon in returning from Camp meeting and in attempting to pass each other, an accident occurred near S. G. Hillbish's one mile west of Freeburg. Mr. Patton who lives near New Berlin was driving a two horse spring wagon, Dr. F. C. Moyer, jr. was in a buggy, having with him his sisters, Mary and Ida. They passed the spring wagon, which excited Mr. Patton who attempted to regain his place again. He broke the tongue of his wagon, was precipitated between the tongue and front wheels. He now has a bruised head, a fractured leg and a broken wagon tongue. Moyer and his sisters were precipitated to the ground, the horse ran away and broke the buggy. Miss Mary fell on her head and was taken home in an insensible condition, and has been confined to her bed ever since.—Middleburg Post.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Mrs. Frank, wife of Judge Samuel Frank, of Rebersburg, died very suddenly at her home on last Thursday afternoon, a short time before supper. Mrs. Frank was engaged preparing supper, when she felt a queer sensation on the side of her face, and called the attention of her husband to the fact, but he could observe nothing unusual. She laid down on a sofa for a little rest, and expired there in about half an hour after. Death was caused by palsy. Mrs. Frank's maiden name was Brumgard. She was a most estimable lady, a christian woman, highly respected by all who knew her. Her funeral took place on Saturday following, and was very largely attended. We deeply sympathize with the family of our friend, Judge Frank, in this unexpected affliction.

LEMONT ITEMS.

Great preparations are being made at this place for the Soldier's Re-union, which is to take place on the 18th in Dr. Dale's grove which is a very pleasant place for such a gathering. A great many students have been arriving here the last few days on their way to the College which opened this week. They expect quite an increase in the number of students this year. The Lemont base ball team have waited patiently for a challenge from the Spring Mills team, as they were talking as if they could beat us, we would like to see them show up. The Regulator Seed Drill Co. have been sending out some large orders into Onio, and other western states. It will be, without a doubt, a great success. B.

SPRING MILLS JOTTINGS.

The Sunday School picnic of last Saturday, was largely attended, being represented by five schools. The picnic was much enjoyed by all. Music furnished by Challenge band. A Harvest Home sermon was delivered by Rev. Land, last Sabbath. Emblems suitable for the occasion and nicely arranged, were to be seen around the pulpit. Mr. D. Wallace Duncan formerly of this place, now a resident of Sunbury, is visiting friends in our village. Indeed, girls, we're sorry that Saturday evening brought on so much discomfort and uneasiness, thus to be mingled with the sports of the day. We are still more sorry that our friends on the hill were compelled to keep so much ice cream over Sunday. Hey Aunt! quite a failure. We are pleased to note that E. D. Jordon, a collegian, is home on a visit.

SNOW-BALLS.

INTRUDERS.

On last Friday night, the Lutheran parsonage was surprised by a party of intruders who meant no harm. Samuel Stover was the advance guard with a basket well laden. Many substantials were left behind, and a pleasant evening enjoyed. We desire to thus publicly thank all the generous donors.

W. E. FISCHER.

——Every farmer, every farmers wife every farmers grown son or daughter, ought to attend an agricultural fair or two each year. They get new ideas, improved varieties of seeds, can compare the qualities of improved implements, and learn other methods of farming. As we have no fair this year, our farmers should all go to Lewisburg with their entire families and see the grand exhibit that will be made there September 22 to 25. Fare for the round trip from Coburn $1, and return by special train in the evening. Equally good rates can be arranged from other points.

——Suits made to order at the Philad. Branch, which has in its employ a first-class tailor. Satisfaction guaranteed.

——Every Republican in Centre county should subscribe for the REPORTER for the campaign, so he can read the other side. Only 20 cents for the campaign.

——The Lee house at Scotia, was destroyed by fire a short time ago.

——The Buffalo Run railroad is finished. With three railroads running into Bellefonte, it will be queer if the men of that town who have means don't get up a boom.

SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.

The Lutheran Sabbath school holds a basket picnic at Fowler station on Friday next, to which all are invited, members of the school and others. Fare for the trip, for adults 50c, children between 6 and 12 years, 25c. Going by regular train in the morning, which leaves at 6.50 and return on the evening train.

——A Journal correspondent says some bold robbers were doing their work in Brushvalley on Sunday night, Aug. 22. The thieves first attempted to enter Thos. Brumgart's house, but being met by the lady of the house, fled and betook themselves to Thos. Walkers, who were attending church. There the scoundrels took the precaution to ring the dinner bell to make sure that the coast was clear. The neighbors heard the bell, but thinking Mr. Walker's children were ringing for mere mischief, paid no further attention to it. The thieves then cut out a pane of window glass and thus gained entrance into the house. They rummaged every room, even to the garret but procured only between four and five dollars of money, a bed sheet and a ham. They next tackled Wes. Snyder's house where they helped themselves to several loaves of bread.

——Mr. John Rishel can boast of one of the handsomest porches hereabouts, which graces his reconstructed residence.

——Mr. John Danberman has put up a large stable on his lot in this town, and will follow it up with a new house, and then come and live here.

——Daniel C. Wilt, long a citizen of Millheim, died at his present home in Franklin, Pa., a short time ago. His age must have been upwards of 80 years.

LINDEN HALL ITEMS.

The farmers are all busy trying to get their seeding done, but it is the old way, some done and others not done plowing. Wash Garbrick lost a good horse this week. It got its leg broken by a kick from another horse; they had it shot soon after to put it out of misery. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hess took a trip to see their daughter, Mrs. T. C. Heims, of Osceola Mills. Our brass band is making preparations for a full set of new instruments. The band is going to Tusseyville on Saturday, to take part in the festival to be held at that place. All the folks have arrived home from Granger picnic that went from our town and all report themselves well pleased with their trip. Among the visitors to our town and vicinity were J. S. Ross, of Pine Grove, visiting his son J. H. Ross; also visiting at the same place Miss Anna Musser of Pinegrove, and Miss Emma Miller of Bellefonte. Miss Birdie Meek of Rock Springs has been staying a few days with her relative, G. W. Campbell. Miss Showwalter, of Laurelton and Miss Hoy of Bellefonte, are spending a few days with Miss Cora Durst. One night last week some party unknown, tried to break into Jas. S. Ross' store at Pine Grove, but were not successful, as Miss Sue Danley heard, them and raised an alarm, when they started for the mountain. They stole a full set of tools from the coach shops, which they left behind.

GREGG TOWNHIP ITEMS.

The shower last week was welcomed by all. The creamery buildings are about completed. A cow of Wm. Bitner was killed by the train one day last week, in the cut near Grenobles. Some of our people say they felt the earth quake shocks on Tuesday night of last week. Had the creamery been ready the making of the first butter might have been by an earthquake shake. J. H. Runkle has been appointed Postmaster at Farmers Mills—a very good appointment. The picnic on Saturday last, at Spring Mills, was one of the largest Sunday school gatherings yet held here. I observe that Maj. Fisher is making improvements upon his roller mill. *

GRANGE PICNIC.

The Centre county P. of H. picnic will be held on the mountain near Centre Hall, next Thursday, 16. It will no doubt, exceed the gatherings of former years in every respect.

——It always affords us pleasure to notice meritorious articles in these colums, and especially in this the case with the New Regulator and Palace Cook stoves, sold by McFarlane in Bellefonte. These stoves have stood the test for years and have always proven themselves far ahead of any others. We are assured that every stove is sold on a guarantee and can be returned if not perfect.

——J. Will Dinges of this place, was a candidate for admission as a navel cadet at Annapolis, and passed the mental examinations. His physical examination is to follow, in which we hope he will be equally successful.

FROM BOALSBURG.

The town was severely shaken on the night of 31t of August, and many of the folks were badly frightened. In the eastern part of the town the shock was not felt so severe as in the western part and the houses built of stone or brick, the effect was all the more severe, and many of the folks were frightened thinking some one was under the bed. There were 3 distinct shocks felt here and there was a rocking motion felt. The farmers in this vicinity are busy seeding. Frank Allen and Frank Coup, two of Boalsburg's boys, left for Altoona, and if they find employment will remain for the winter. Grant Keller will resume his studies at State College this week. Annie Condo has returned to her home again after an absence of seven weeks looking well, the western part of the state must have agreed with her. The examination passed off with success to the young men and ladies of this place. Cyrus Woods has gone east on a visit for a few days. Thomas Riley is the boss squirrel shooter of this place. Mitch Buck and family of Lewistown, are visiting here this week. Rev. Sahm and family have returned from a visit to his home in New Berlin. Ellen Smith, one of Boalsburg's fair ones, was home visiting her parents. C.

CAUTION.

There are still some people who prefer paying more for the same goods later in the season than now, for these we have nothing to suggest, but if you care to save money, come to our store now and buy before our new stock arrives. You will see for yourself how much to your advantage it will be.

In dress goods, as well as all dry goods, shoes and gent's hats, we make a specialty of selling at greatly reduced prices. Come and see for yourself. The goods of course, are a little shop-worn, but that matters little for "wear and tear." It will cost you nothing to see them. Come before the choice is gone.

Very Respectfully,
WM. WOLF & SON.

THE WEEK'S SUMMARY.

Health officers inspected 2,236 cans of milk as they arrived in New York Tuesday morning from New Jersey, and forty-four cans were found to be adulterated and were emptied into the gutter.

Bessie Ohri, a 16-year-old Vassar college student, eloped from St. Charles, Mo., with her father's coachman. The couple were caught by her father two hours after the start at St. Louis.

The big steamship Alaska, of the Guion line, is aground hard and fast off Sandy Hook.

The situation in the excited quarter of Belfast has become complicated through a failure to agree on the part of the police and the new vigilance committee. It is believed that this may cause renewed rioting and bloodshed.

Seven dories, which had been driven to sea from the Newfoundland banks by the late hurricane, have been picked up, and their crews, fourteen men in all, rescued in an exhausted condition.

Charles Luther, aged 56, of Reading, Pa., was run over by a train and killed.

The Belle Isle park commissioners, of Detroit, Mich., learned that the superintendent had allowed a manufacturer of dynamite to store some 2,000 pounds of the explosive in a much frequented part of the park. They ordered its removal.

A phenomenal flow of water from an artesian well at Belleplain, Iowa, has caused the existence of two large rivers there, and the flood threatens great destruction of property.

General Master Workman T. V. Powderly absolutely refused to consider the matter of accepting a congressional nomination in his district.

Mr. A. G. Sedgwick, the special envoy to Mexico, has sent a telegram to Secretary Bayard, denying the rumors of his misconduct.

A young man named Frank X. Byrns, who was recently married in good style in Topeka, Kan., and had reached Boston on his bridal tour, was arrested there charged with swindling, and is wanted also in Topeka on charges of embezzlement, forgery and bigamy.

The tax upon personal and real estate in the city of New York was fixed by the common council at 2.29 per cent.

George Q. Cannon, the Mormon, who was indicted and forfeited a $25,000 bail bond, has reimbursed his bondsmen.

The ladies' ticket was almost unanimously elected in the Westchester, N. Y., school election.

Carp culture is successfully carried on by farmers in New Jersey.

Volcanic disturbances are reported from Lawrence county, Ind.

Chinese Christians are being massacred by the natives of Cochin China, and also in the Sechuen province of China proper. The natives object to the officiousness of foreigners in their local affairs.

Mattie Moore, white, eloped with Charlie Day, colored, from Mayfield, Ky., last Sunday. They were overtaken at Florence, Tenn., and both hanged to a tree.

Yellow fever is reported to have appeared at Biloxi, Miss., near Mobile. Six cases and two deaths are reported.

Illinois farmers having had bad luck with wheat crops for three years have successfully turned their attention to watermelons and vegetables.

Col. Wilson, late postmaster at Savannah, Ga., refuses to surrender the office to Capt. George W. Lamar, a recent appointee, on the ground that he had done nothing wrong, and claims the right to serve out his commission. Trouble is likely to occur with good chances for a funeral.

James Glenn, a resident of Brooklyn, leaped from the New York express train as it sped past the Fairfield, Conn., depot, where no stoppage is made, receiving injuries which will probably prove fatal.

John Manus, one of an Arkansas sheriff's posse, was twice fired upon by James Brown, a fugitive from justice, and, though mortally wounded, returned the fire with fatal effect. Both men expired on the ground.

The Cincinnati exposition was formally opened. The event was marked with great popular demonstrations, and a procession of military and civic societies, which was witnessed by 200,000 people.

Seventeen survivors of the wrecked Russianship Nautilus, rescued in midocean by the German bark Richard, have been landed at Philadelphia.

Twenty thousand people attended the grangers' picnic at Williams' grove, Pa. The Republican candidates for state offices appeared and made political speeches for the multitude.

Two men, while bathing near New Bedford, Mass., were drowned before the eyes of their helpless wives and children.

The cotton spinners' strike at Augusta, Ga., is now taken in hand by the citizens generally, who demand the resumption of work under their arbitration.

Mr. Van Pelt, a candidate for state senator in West Virginia, while engaged in a political discussion was shot by the brother of a rival candidate.

The Guion line steamer Alaska, which stranded south of Gedney's channel, could not be released by the five tugs pulling on her at high water after part of her cargo had been removed.

Sporting men in New York are disposed to doubt the correctness of Hanlan's official time, 19m. 22½s., in his race with Courtney yesterday.

Henry Voncott, hailing from Philadelphia, committed suicide at Norfolk, Va., by swallowing laudanum.

Edward Charshee, a baggagemaster on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad, was run over by an engine on the track at Perryville, Md., and instantly killed.

A shooting affray occurred at Fort Adams, Mass., in which Willie Jones was killed by Willie Cage. The latter has been arrested, but claims that the shooting was in self-defense.

A sheriff's posse in Missouri, after a vigorous pursuit, in which they were aided by bloodhounds, succeeded in arresting Thomas Hobbs, who, with his son Hiram, is charged with the murder of two men at Birdseye, Ind.

The Narragansett hotel, Providence, R. I., has been sold under foreclosure of mortgage.

The explosion of a portable boiler attached to a threshing machine on a farm in North Greenbush, near Troy, caused the death of three persons and serious injuries to two others, as well as the destruction by fire of a barn and its contents.

Two children named Lambert, who are important witnesses in the investigation of Miss Foster's baby home at Westville, Conn., have been spirited away.

The work of fortifying Dominion ports on the Pacific coast has begun.

A startling rumor of a collision between American and Mexican troops is reported from Tombstone, A. T. The demand of the Mexicans for the person of Geronimo is said to have resulted in the killing of five Mexicans and the wounding of two American soldiers.

Patrick Healey, of New York, was arrested on suspicion of having caused the death of his wife by threatening her with a knife while she lay helplessly sick.

A despondent Swede shot himself in Prospect park, Brooklyn. He was an upholsterer, but had been out of work for some time.

Queen Victoria sent to President Cleveland a message expressing sympathy for the sufferers by the earthquake in the south.

Alleged intimate relations existing between the Rev. Charles L. Goodell, a Methodist pastor in Providence, R. I., and Mrs. Theopore W. Foster, a parishioner, are the grounds on which Mrs. Goodell and Mr. Foster have both sued for divorce.

Mr. Sedgwick was presented unofficially to President Diaz.

Ex-Governor St. John spoke at Sebago lake, hammering Mr. Blaine and the Republicans.

An eruption at Bowdrie, Ills., threw a column of smoke and dirt sixty feet in the air.

The Canadian Methodist general conference at Toronto is discussing university consolidation in the Dominion.

James Lanier, a Mississippi magistrate, murdered an old negro for voting the Prohibition ticket and against the former's interest.

Dr. J. A. Shultes, of Middletown, N. Y., has been arrested for selling horses diseased with glanders.

The Hudson river sea serpent has been seen again, this time near Albany, still heading to the north.

A citizen of Newburg, N. Y., is under arrest in Italy for avoiding conscription some twenty years ago.

Monroe Chapman is in jail at Shelby, N.C., for arson, which is punishable by death. He admits the act and says he got $1 for it.

An armed mob visited the jail at Greenville, Tex., and took therefrom John Smith, a prisoner charged with the killing of Deputy Sheriff Adair, of that place, and hanged him. No resistance was offered to the mob throughout the affair.

Miss Minnie Charland, aged 21 years, living with her adopted parents on McKinstrie avenue, Detroit, Mich., on learning of her true parentage, committed suicide by drowning.

It was a pretty well accepted fact that "the handsomer man" than Ernest Schilling was not the brother of the fleeing bride, and that Victoria Schilling has not gone back to the parental roof. Her present location is not known except to the few.

A young gentleman in Brooklyn effusively wrote of his love to a young lady who disliked his attentions, and she gave the letter to a police justice.

The wisdom of Solomon would not suffice for two Brooklyn police justices, who are puzzled about the contradictory statements surrounding the motherhood of a girl of fourteen. They have taken a week to unravel the entanglement.

The Pennsylvania railroad recently sent $30,000 to Shamokin, Pa., to pay off wages, which was lost from the express safe, and Rath Pratt, a clerk, was arrested. It is now asserted that the money has been found in Iowa, having been put by mistake in the wrong safe.

Dr. Talmage has returned to Brooklyn from his summer vacation, and will occupy his pulpit next Sunday.

Chicago burglars are getting in their work while the police are looking after Anarchists. Five hundred burglaries have taken place within a few weeks.

David Heron, an Illinois farmer, is under arrest for killing fish with dynamite. Several bathers were injured by the concussion from the explosions.

Macon, Ga., saloon keepers are reaping fortunes out of the jug trade in Atlanta under the strict prohibition laws of the cotton city.

The railroad bridge across the Missouri river at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., was burned.

A vein of natural gas has been discovered at Clinton, Ills.

A gang of roadworkers plowing and grading a public road near Oakland, Ills., found five human skeletons in a small hole. It is supposed that robbers had stored their victims in that locality.

Grand Rapids, Mich., is excited over the appearance of smallpox. It is feared that many have been exposed, as a patient sat in the Democratic convention and freely mingled with the people.

John McGregor, an Iowa stockman, was knocked down and robbed of $1,500 in a street of Chicago.

David Balow and his wife resisted eviction for non-payment of rent on a farm near Greenfield, Mich. They shot three deputy sheriffs and a constable, seriously wounding them. They finally surrendered to an armed posse.

Walter S. Payne, Fostoria, O., was elected commander-in-chief of the Sons of Veterans, and J. L. Rake, Reading, Pa., lieutenant general. The encampment will meet next year at Des Moines, Ia.

Charles R. Hull, of Norwich, N. Y., has been appointed deputy comptroller of New York state, vice Thomas E. Benedict appointed public printer.

The town of Lake, Ills., where the recent heavy powder explosion occurred, has ordered all powder works and stores to remove from the village within thirty days.

In Belfast quiet exists, and the only struggle seems to be over the question of paying the extra police. The local council declare they will sell the city's property at auction rather than pay the "butcher's bill," as it is called.

A cable dispatch from Sofia states that Prince Alexander has publicly announced his intention to abdicate after appointing a regent.

The Bliss lumber mills, at Milwaukee, Wis., were destroyed by fire, with a loss approximating $150,000.

Geronimo and his band have surrendered to Capt. Lawton, and are now being conveyed to Bowie, A. T.

Mayor Smith, of Philadelphia, has made a full explanation of the money matters connected with his official position.

A family of four insane persons who have been wandering about the country in Kansas were captured.

Two editors in Quebec who were expected to fight a duel have quietly settled their quarrel before a "court of honor."

Levi M. Brobst, a young bridegroom from Nebraska, committed suicide in a fearful manner, while insane, by leaping from the bridal train near Reading, Pa.

The government steamer Ida, while on lighthouse service, struck a snag near St. Louis and sank in the Mississippi river.

President Cleveland was driven from the Saranac inn to Lake Pluaid, where the party remain over Sunday.

Deputy City Engineer Bomberge, of Buffalo, died from the effects of being suspended from office on account of the alleged discovery of frauds in his department, while his chief is believed to have lost his reason.

The trial of Rollin M. Squire and Maurice B. Flynn has been transferred from the court of general sessions to the court of oyer and terminer.

The Pullman Palace Car company's shed at Jersey City, in the New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad yard, and other buildings adjoining, were destroyed by fire. Loss, $200,000.

A firm of glove importers paid $17,000 of custom house duties, which, it is alleged, had been avoided at the time the goods were brought into the country.

DIED.

In Rebersburg, August 26, Mrs. Burkert, wife of Jacob Burkert' aged 64 years, and 6 months.

At Spring Mills, James Miles Richard, aged 2 years, 2 months and 5 days.

Near Madisonburg, on August 31, William O. Guiser, aged 29 years, 7 mo. and 12 days.

NOTICE.

The collector for Potter township can be met at the following places, between the hours of 2 and 6 o'clock, p. m: Potters Mills Hotel, Sept. 23 and 30; Tusseyville P. O. Sept. 24 and Oct. 1; Centre Hall, Boal's office, Sept. 25 and Oct. 2; Centre Hill, P. O. Oct. 4 and 5.

E. B. HOSTERMAN,
Collector.

The following are some of the reasons why the Little Giant Fence Loom is the universal favorite:

1st. It is the only machine that will make a perfect fence over rough or uneven ground, up hill or down, or over a stream, as it has no cumbersome platform or weighty attachments.

2nd. It will weave in old boards, rived slats, cane, willows; in fact, whatever you have or can procure the cheapest, can be used for pickets.

3d. It makes a fence at one third the cost, three times as strong, and five times as durable as plank fencing.

4th. It makes a fence that can not injure stock, and at the same time is a perfect protection against cattle, hogs, rabbits, and poultry.

Sold by the Logan Machine Works at Bellefonte.

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at public sale, by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, at the late residence of Jonathan Weaver, dec'd, in Gregg twp., three miles east of Centre Hall, on Saturday, October 2, 1886, at 1 p. m., the following real estate: A VALUABLE FARM, bounded on the east by lands of J. P. Grove, south by Mitchell's heirs, west and north by Mitchell's heirs, containing 74 ACRES, more or less, neat measure, thereon erected a 2-story Dwelling House, bank barn, summer house, smoke house, dry house, all buildings good as new, running water at the house and barn, also a large orchard of the choicest fruit. Of the above described tract there are about 6 Acres of timber land.

Also a tract of TIMBER LAND, 1½ miles of the above described tract, bounded on the south by E. Dashamer, east by J. B. Beam, north by Moses Thompson, and west by James Grove, containing 104 ACRES, more or less, timbered with good timber, such as yellow pine, chestnut, chestnut oak, etc.

Terms—One-third of purchase money to be paid on or before April 1, 1887; ½ in one year and the balance in two years, with interest from date of sale. Said payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. For further information apply to the undersigned on the premises, or M. L. Rishel, at Farmers Mills.

A. H. WEAVER, Adm'r.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, there will be offered at public sale on the premises near Centre Hall, Saturday, September 11, the following property belonging to the estate of Daniel Fauber, dec'd: A tract of land adjoining the Borough of Centre Hall, bounded by lands of John Hoffer, dec'd, John Neff and George Floray, containing 4 ACRES, and 90 perches, gross measure, thereon erected a two-story Dwelling House, Work-shop, barn and other outbuildings. Choice fruit and excellent water on the premises.

Terms—One-half on confirmation of sale, balance in one year, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. Sale to begin promptly at 2 p. m.

WM. WOLF,
Administrator.

REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned, executor of the estate of Christian Bame, late of Penn twp., Centre county, dec'd, will sell at public sale, on the premises, near Millheim, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, the following real estate: A GOOD FARM, situate in Penn twp., containing 81 ACRES and 89 perches, neat measurment, thereon erected a Dwelling House, Bank Barn, and other outbuildings. About 75 Acres in cultivation, the balance is well timbered with oak and pine. Well water, good orchard. This is a very desirable property and convenient to town market. Also, FOUR ACRES of farm land in Haines twp., adjoining lands of George Edgar, Adam Barliges and others. Also, FOUR ACRES of good timber land, adjoining lands of Samuel Burrell and the heirs of Isaac Behm. This tract is well timbered with White Pine, White Oak and Hemlock. Sale at one p. m., when terms will be made known by

JACOB BAME,
Executor.

CAUTION.—Having purchased the personal property of Jacob Fultz, I will leave the same in his possession at my pleasure, and hereby caution all persons against meddling with same, viz: 1 cook stove, table, sink, desk, stand, chest, 3 bed steads, iron kettle, brass kettle, 6 chairs, clock lounge, and all his personal property.

11ast WILSON BECK, Gregg Twp.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, September 7.—Wheat 85½ for Sep.
Corn 49½ for Sep.
Oats 34¾ for Sept.

LINDEN HALL MARKETS,

Wheat	$ 75	Butter	$ 14
Rye	56	Eggs	14
Oats	25	Lard	6

REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON

Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, old	$ 80	Oats	$ 25
Wheat, new	75	Rye	50
Corn, shelled	40	Barley, No. 1	45

Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye weight and prices.

FLOUR AND FEED.

Fancy Pat. Flour	1 60	Bran per ton	16 50
Best Roller Flour	$ 1 40	Bran, retail, cwt.	90
2d Best Roll'r Flour	1 25	Chop per ton	22 00
Middlings per ton	18 50	" retail per cwt	1 30

A GRAND OFFER.

1. The "New York Weekly World" and the REPORTER, one year for $2.60 in advance.

2. The "Weekly World" and the REPORTER one year, and the History of the United States, bound in Leatherette Tree Calf, Gilt, and containing 22 fine Engravings. This dainty book of 320 12mo pages is indispensible to every one as a work of quick and convenient reference. It is printed on good paper, with wide margins, and a prize for a bibliophile, all for $2.75 in advance. This is the grandest offer you can get for two newspapers. 4a6t

PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale, about ¾ mile east of Tusseyville, on Saturday, September 18, the following described real estate, of Michael Ulrich, dec'd, viz: No. 1 containing 13 ACRES and 134 perches, thereon erected a frame, two-story Dwelling House, with good cellar, all necessary outbuildings, good barn, Orchard of Choice Fruit, and spring of water. No. 2 containing 11 ACRES and 32 perches, about 6 Acres are clear, the balance being timber, bounded by lands of John Lee, and Jacob Reber's heirs. No 3 containing 5 ACRES and 123 perches, with good hemlock timber, bounded by lands of Jacob Runkle, Jacob Reiber, and others.

Sale to begin at 12 o'clock, when terms will be made known by

GEORGE GROSSMAN,
Executor of Michael Ulrich.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.